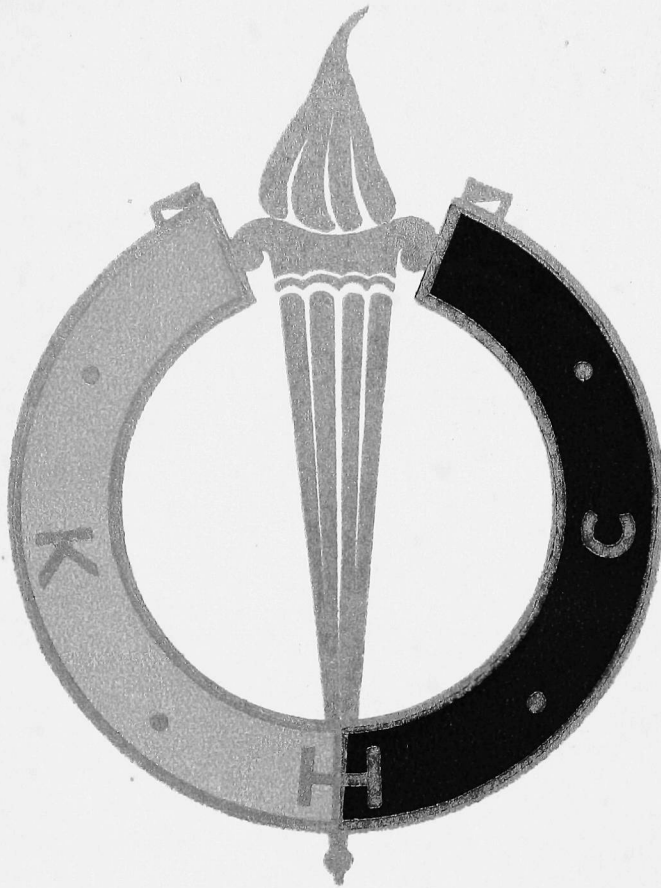


H. Wallace



King's Hall

1940

KING'S HALL MAGAZINE

June 1940



H. CORBETT, *Editor*



Committee

Matriculation - E. HUME

Arts - - - A. CAMERON

Vib - - - - A. EWENS

VIa - - - - S. HAAS

Juniors - M. McCUAIG



Staff Advisors

MISS LEONARD

MISS MORRIS



Miss Joll and the New Library

"In memory of Laura Joll, Head Mistress of King's Hall, Compton, during the years 1905—1928." What a flood of memories these words bring to the girls who were at school during that time! King's Hall has never been a large school as numbers go and it is perhaps for that very reason that it is so well loved by so many people. Miss Joll realized the value of knowing each and every pupil under her care, and her successor, Miss Gillard, is following the same important and friendly principle.

In 1928 Miss Joll resigned owing to ill health, and died just three years later. She was buried in the churchyard not far from the school she loved so well, and to which she devoted her whole

life. The renovating and furnishing of a room in the school by the Old Girls' Association is something worthy of her memory. That this room should be a library, and a place where quiet is to be observed, would have given Miss Joll great satisfaction and happiness.

In closing this short article I should like to quote from an old history of the school, a passage concerning Miss Joll. "Her self-sacrificing interest, her exceptional business ability, and her affectionate regard for the best interests of the girls under her charge had won for her the esteem and love of many generations of pupils and made the name of King's Hall widely known as one of the best schools of its kind in Canada."

Editorial



o-day, when the morals of western civilization are being challenged, we are in a more responsible position than ever before. It is up to us to keep all that is good, and to destroy the evil things in our civilization. We must learn to live with all types of people, and to live amicably. It is only when nations can be brought to realize the value of this, and work for it, that the world can be at peace; and we, though of no great importance individually, can help as a group to bring it about.

By preserving an appreciation for all that is good in the past, and at the same time appreciating modern efforts, we are helping to build a foundation for peace after the war in which we are at present engaged. We must try to understand the points of view of other people, for it is only when nations shall completely understand each other that a lasting peace can be made. War is brought about by disagreements which might have been satisfactorily settled, had the nations had a more complete sympathy with each other—sympathy springing from understanding.

We, who have the advantage of being at boarding-school, where we live in one community with other girls, are in a position to spread toleration and understanding. We must always remember this, wherever we are, in whichever walk of life we may be, and constantly be working for the improvement of the human community, not for ourselves alone. Always, *Keep Troth!*





MISS GILLARD

Dear Girls:—

I am writing this at a time of grave crisis in the history of our Empire. Our soldiers are fighting with their backs to the wall in northern France and Belgium, our seamen are on guard steadfastly facing many and great dangers, and our airmen are hourly giving a gallant account of themselves against a foe vastly superior in number. We cannot do the fighting—that must be left to our fighting forces. What we are asked to do and can do, is to keep our heads held high and to be prepared to meet with courage whatever sacrifices may be asked of us in the future. We can live so that “nothing we do or say or are can stain the honour of our cause.” You girls will be the women of the post-war period. This war may mean the end of the social order as we have known it. You must be prepared to build a better and finer world on the ruins of the old. You must pray that you may be able to bring to your task “the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and spiritual strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness.” In closing I am going to quote to

you a passage from a book which I have read recently. This passage lays down an ideal of life which we should do well to take for our own. It may help us, in these days of trial and anxiety, to live more worthily.

“I only ask that I may suffer for those things which are high and brave and lovely, and that I may not be weak when suffering comes. For the end—success, failure, ruin or achievement—I think that it matters so little. I ask that I may be permitted to love much, to serve to the utmost limit of my capacity, and to keep faith with that high vision which men call God. I shan’t do it wholly. Nobody does that. I only want never to stop caring. The other things don’t matter.”

May God bless you all and give you faith to believe, as did the psalmist of old, that—

“You will not be afraid at any evil tidings if your heart standeth fast and believeth in the Lord.”

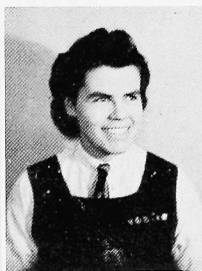
Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD.

May 27th, 1940.

The Seniors

Prefects



MEG. AITKIN

JOAN SPAFFORD

FRANCES MOFFATT

DIANA SCHWARTZ

MEG. AITKIN, '36-'40

"Though she be but little, she is fierce."

Choir '38-'40, Glee Club '40, Ping Pong Champion '39, Head of Montcalm '40, Literary Society, '39.

"Meg's" chief interests are dramatics and literature. She contributes many essays and poems to the magazine and newspaper. She intends to be a journalist, and we expect great things of her. This year her pastime has been keeping people quiet in silence zones, and taking sinners on "croc" walks. Meg has a great school spirit, and will long be remembered here.

JOAN SPAFFORD '36-'40

"She'd fight a rattlesnake and give it the first two bites".

Choir '37-'40, Glee Club '40, Hockey '38-'40, Magazine Representative '37-'39, Basketball '39.

Beside the many above mentioned activities, Joan rides, skis and fences. During her last year, she was made a prefect and Head of MacDonald.

Hence she undertook many responsibilities, and will be greatly missed by us all.

FRANCES MOFFATT '34-'40

"I have only done my duty, as a 'prefect's bound to do."

Form Captain '36-'39, Hockey '39, Basketball '36-'38.

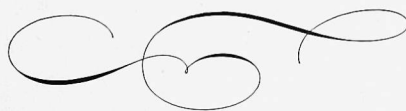
As a prefect "Frannie" is hardworking and conscientious. She has a quiet dignity which never escapes her, except when she laughs, and then she joins wholeheartedly into the fun.

DIANA SCHWARTZ, '36-'40

"I might have been a gold-fish in a glass bowl for all the privacy I got."

Sports Captain '40, Form Captain '40, Choir '37-'40, Glee Club '40, Orchestra '40, Basketball '36-'40

"Schwartz" has a winning personality, and is popular with everyone. She has completed her Arts course, and has been "puttering around" with a typewriter in her "spares" as she intends to take a business course next year.



CLASS PROPHECY (*Matriculation and Senior Arts*)

One day in the year 1945 I went walking in the woods. I slipped on a banana peel and fell and hit my head on a watering can. That is the last thing I remember until I saw *Gloria Partridge* sitting on the verandah of a Cape Cod fisherman's cottage. The cottage had numerous wings, and another one was being built.

Near by a sign saying, "*Pat Beeman's Pets*", announced an animal home for stray cats, dogs, horses and even gold fish; this surprised me but little, until I walked along the road a little farther and saw a roadside refreshment stand, with the familiar name on the front, "*Elder's Free Aerated 23½ inch Hot Dogs*, with every bottle of watermelon juice you buy."

I passed a large hotel where I saw the names; Proprietor, Miss *Diana Steven*; Chief Cook and Bottle Washer, *Diana Steven*; Secretary, *Di Steven*; Door-man, *Steven*; Bartender, *Steve*; Bell-boy, *Steve*;—that was funny—as I considered this, who should attract my attention? None other than *Sydney Perkins* reading on the sun porch—and *Joan Jenckes* too. I put on my glasses and saw that Syd was reading, *Wally Simpson's Technique*, by I. Wink Athim and *Joan, The Women*, by A. Mann.

I entered the hotel, and to my surprise saw, busily talking over the telephone at the switchboard, *Sue Young*. I greeted her, and then put through a call to my School—"Schwartz' Secretarial School for the Lower Mentality"—to see that everything was going smoothly. Children will be children, especially *Nancy Fairley*, my prize student.

The lounge was quite comfortable, with various posters of *Diana Daves* in Southern Cruise ads, looking very enticing. But in the corner, who should I see but *Joan Spafford*, peeling her daily orange, and telling a large group of children (they might have been hers), of her "South River Trip". Recognizing the story, I left the room and picked up a magazine. It was awful. All I did was see people's names I recognized; a grand chorus of Bubble dancers starring *Elizabethina Belitonia* (guess who?), and then a beautiful picture of *Nancy Foster* styling for Lady Mack; what a figure! And in the more practical section, *Betty Shuler* modelling bullet proof underwear.

There were two or three newspapers on the table, so I picked one up: *Compton vs B.C.S. Social Gossip*. Editor, *Frances Robinson*. I threw this down in disgust but another one

caught my eye, and as I picked it up I saw in it *Helen Corbell's* famous bridge column, "Helen's Fix, When There Are no Tricks" in the *Magog Daily Flash*. This proved uninteresting but then I saw in another paper that *Jane Holl* was presenting the Government with another of her saddle shoes to send the next contingent to England in; and also that *Joy Harvie* was buzzing around to get a sewing bee together in Calgary, to make a patch work quilt for the Red Cross, while, by the way, I heard the other day that *Barbara Anderson* was over in England shining soldiers buttons and *Frances Moffatt* thrust thermometers down their throats and in France, or maybe it was Germany, *Marion New* was singing to the men in the trenches, while *Helen Kelley* was a radio announcer.

I received a letter this morning from *Nancy Hughson* telling me that she was doing very well travelling about in her mission car, preaching in China, and that while she was in England, she happened to see *Alice Cameron* in the Zoological Gardens, with a green grass skirt and rubber boots doing somersaults for peppermints that were thrown to her. She also noticed how natural *Joan Beckett* looked as she bent over to form a bridge with *Laurene Watson*, who was balancing on her back, and showing tourists how well she could fry an egg in this dangerous pose; and before I forget, she also mentioned having seen *Meg Aitkin* trying to plant Marsh Marigolds in the cement sidewalk, and wondering why they would not grow. She asked *Nancy Logan*, who grinned and said, "because you haven't got the seeds firmly rooted yet." At this moment *Nancy Hughson* said that *Life's* photographer came into view to "take" this amazing scene, and who should it be? None other than *Dorothy Palon (!!)* with *Margaret Hogarth* carrying boxes of film and flash bulbs.

Later on in the letter, she mentioned having a good chat with *Joan Slanger* who was an air hostess on the Eastern Line. That was all of any special news in the letter, so I turned on the radio, and who should be playing with Lombardo's orchestra but *Elvira Holden*. Just then I recognized a familiar voice, *Elizabeth Hume*, who was on a visiting tour of all orchestras. Her voice was so soft and steady it clashed a bit with the orchestra. Then *Carmen* came to the microphone—and I woke up with a cow mooing in my ear.

I got up slowly, and wandered home to get an aspirin for my headache.

DIANA SCHWARTZ

McGill Matriculation



PATRICIA BEEMAN, '37-'40

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Form Captain '40, Head Junior Red Cross '40,
Basketball '38-'40, Hockey '37-'40.

"Patsy" is a great sports enthusiast when the mood is upon her, and is also clever at making things in the art room. She spends her time playing practical jokes, and trying to make the world a better place.



HELEN CORBETT '36-'40

"Cudgel my brains no more about it".

Glee Club '40, Choir '39-'40, Camera Club '40.

"Corb" has been the brains of the form since 'way back when—. She has a deep interest in music and is very talented at the piano. She is always on time for everything—a great asset for the future.



DIANA DAWES '38-'40

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair".

Choir '38, '39, '40, Orchestra '38, '39, '40.

Diana was supposed to be in England this year, but the war changed her plans and she came back here. She is very musical, has taken part in many recitals, and has been in the orchestra since its beginning. "Di" has her own horse here, and is a very accomplished rider.



ELIZABETH ELDER '36-'40

"I love work; it fascinates me, I could sit and look at it for hours".

Basketball '38-'40, Hockey '38-'40, Camera Club '40, Red Cross '40.

"Elder" has been the leading conspirator in all the conspiracies of her time. We shall long remember her insane thoughts and poems. She is one of the few "intelligentes" in our form, and is told continually that she might work harder. Life is never dull when "Elder" is around.



JOY HARVIE, '38-'40

"Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry".

Hockey, School, '38, '39, '40—House, '38, '39, '40, Tennis '40, Basketball '38-'40.

Joy is a very conscientious and hardworking student. This is shown in her helpful work in the Red Cross. She is a good rider and skier. Her forceful attitude to life is shown in both work and play.



ELVIRA HOLDEN '39, '40

"And take it with a grin,
When disappointment trips you up
Or failure barks your shin!"

"L.V." has been with us only a year, but during that time she has written literally hundreds of letters. She is interested in most sports and is an excellent skier.



JANE HOLT '36-'40

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky".

Choir '36-'40, Glee Club '40, Dramatics '36-'40,
Basketball '39, '40, Hockey '38-'40.

We call her "Pam". We like her for her vim
and vigor, and eagerness for life. She is very am-
bitious for the stage, and for all her sixteen years,
she is quite an artist. She makes friends easily
and is a good sport.



ELIZABETH HUME '36-'40

"My lady sweet, arise, arise, arise!"

Choir '37-'40, Basketball '39, '40, Hockey '39, '40,
Glee Club '40, Orchestra '40.

"Lis'beth" has given much to the school in the
four years she has been here, and is liked by every-
one. She will be a great loss to the choir as she
has been one of the best altos. For pastime, she
rides, reads, swims and skis.



NANCY LOGAN '38-'40

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed"

Hockey '39-'40, Basketball '39, '40

Nancy came to King's Hall in 1938 where she
has been interested in many school activities. Most
of all, however, she is noted for her sense of humour
and her wit which will be greatly missed in the
school.



JOAN JENCKES '37-'40

"Who sleeps the longest is the happiest".

Basketball '37, Hockey '37, Choir '37-'40, Literary
Society '38.

"Jenckes" is one of the most brilliant girls in
our form, and her quick wit has proved most amus-
ing in the classroom, as elsewhere. She is always
cheerful, and is just the person to cheer up one
with the blues.



HELEN KELLY '38-'40

"Ah, why should life all labour be?"

Badminton Champion '39

Helen is a day girl who is much interested in
languages and music, and who plays the piano well.
She usually manages to come in late for "prep",
but sometimes surprises us by being on time.



GLORIA PARTRIDGE '36-'40

"Mathematics takes us into the region of absolute
necessity, to which not only the actual world, but
every possible world must conform".

Choir '38-'40, Dramatics '36-'40, Basketball '38-'40,
Hockey '39, '40.

Gloria studies hard, and enjoys all school activi-
ties. She is excellent at all sports. Last year she
won the senior dramatics prize for her splendid per-
formance in *The Valiant*.

cl - Sept 1963



JOAN STANGER '38-'40

"Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride!"

Glee Club '40, Choir '40, Camera Club '40, Dramatics '39, '40

Joan rides, reads and sings; and you hardly ever see her *not* in a hurry, or not hurrying someone. Dramatics have been one of her chief interests.

FRANCES ROBINSON '38-'40 — at 25th

"Fickle as a changeful dream,
Fantastic as a woman's mood".

Basketball

"Robbie" keeps our form very much alive with her gift for conversation. There is never a dull moment when she is around to entertain us with her countless stories.

Ontario Matriculation



BARBARA ANDERSON, '38-'40

"Few may be larger than a few small words".

Glee Club '40, Camera Club '40, Basketball '40.

Barbara's quiet dignity is respected throughout the school. She is interested in dramatics, and has played some very good supporting roles. We feel "Bar" will be successful both in home life and social activities.



ELIZABETH BELTON '38-'40

"Beware of her red hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks".

Camera Club '40, House Hockey Team '39, '40.

Elizabeth is very keen on riding, tennis, and skiing. It seems she should be an engineer if we were to judge by her efforts to "help the Spring"; to such lengths does her conscientiousness go! "Great Balls of Fire!"



NANCY FAIRLEY '37-'40

"A little work, a little play;
To keep us going—and so good-day!"

Hockey, House, '39, '40, Basketball '39, '40.

"Fairley" joined our form in its younger days. She never seems to be angry, and always has a smile for good and bad. Nancy is very much interested in sports, especially swimming.



NANCY FOSTER '38-'40

"It's not for knowledge
That she goes to college"

Basketball '39, '40.

Nancy's chief interests are clothes and receiving parcels from Eaton's. She is a very good student although she does not have her nose continually in a book, that is, a text book!



NANCY HUGHSON '37-'40

"She left no little thing behind
Excepting loving thoughts and kind".

Choir '38-'40, Glee Club '40, Form Captain '40,
Hockey '40, Basketball '40.

Nancy has taken part in many K.H.C. activities. She has taken particular interest in dramatics and music, and hopes to continue the latter in the future.



MARION NEW '40

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman".

Choir '40, Dramatics '40.

Marion has worked hard this year, and has gained that high standard in her studies which she set herself at the beginning of the year. She has been interested in all school activities, and has done her part toward making this senior year successful.



DOROTHY PATON '40

"Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young".

Camera Club '40

Dorothy is the school's camera enthusiast, and is responsible for starting the Camera Club. We expect to see her making the dust fly on McGill campus next year.



SUZANNE YOUNG

"Yon 'Suzanne' hath a lean and hungry look,
'She' thinks too much".

Camera Club '40.

"Sue" has added sunshine to the Ontario form-room where she has studied diligently for the past year. She has also practised hard at skiing and taking candid camera shots, both of which show definite results.



Senior Arts

JOAN BECKETT '36-'40

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman either".

Camera Club '40, Hockey '38, '39, Basketball '37, '40

When she is not reading "Beckett" spends most of her time sleeping at the back of the form room.



ALICE CAMERON '37-'40

"The muscles of 'her' brawny arms,
Were strong as iron bands" (?)

Camera Club '40, Literary Society '39.

"Musclebound", although her home is now in Halifax, came from Alberta originally which, no doubt, accounts for her interest in riding. During her three years here, she has acquired quite a reputation for general helpfulness—certainly the class of '41 will miss the 7.20 rousings!



SYDNEY PERKINS '38-'40

"... the marvellous story teller,
... the traveller and the talker".

Choir '38-'40, Glee Club '40, Literary Society '39,
Dramatics '38-'40.

Sydney came here from California, and ever since her arrival has been prominent in musical and dramatic activities. She is an enthusiastic rider, and looks very colorful in her Western costume. She has ambitions for the stage.



BETTY SHUTER '37-'40

"The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went".

Glee Club '40, Choir '38-'40, Hockey '40.

Betty for two years has slaved in "Arts", her first year having been spent in VIb. Betty is an excellent swimmer, enjoys most sports, and is, of course, a good dancer. And she knows just how to time an appendix operation.



DIANA STEVEN '37-'40

"With fingers weary and worn . . .
A woman sat . . .
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch !"

Diana is interested in tennis and sewing; her pet aversions are size 10-4A shoes and cooking classes.



LAURENE WATSON '40

"To do two things at once is to do neither".

Glee Club '40, Camera Club '40.

Laurene just loves waking up early in the morning. She also makes excuses to miss gym. Coming from Toronto, she has an accent which is decidedly noticeable in Quebec.

Ontario Matriculation

MARGARET HOGARTH '39, '40

"From contemplation one may become wise, but knowledge comes only from study".

Margaret had been in school in England until this year when she came here. Although on account of illness she left us early, she proved a good student and a good sport. She is fond of political arguments, and for exercise, she walks.

Class History

or

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

"Mighty Oaks from little acorns grow."

All good things must begin somewhere, and we began with Franny Moffatt, who arrived by the Montreal to Boston stage-coach, in 1834. A few terms later, Mrs. Holt wheeled up her baby-carr age and out fell Pam. The next year being 1836, the place was overrun by Hume, Spafford, Meg, Corbett, Gloria and Elder. A number of others were swept along at this time by the invading hordes, but have since escaped. This year was of special note owing to a leak in the blockade, namely a little yellow house on the Coaticook road.

The second great invasion took place in 1837. Jenckes, Beeman, Harvie, Hughson and Fairley came to improve the standard of living. However . . . ! ! ? ? The unity of our little group was split by two political parties: viz: the "Slutches" and "Bags" (see '38 Year Book). Although this was the best year of our lives, the historic events were strictly confidential, and have been dealt with accordingly. This period was marked by a great exodus due to incapability of withstanding the trials and tortures of education.

The following year saw us under the watchful eye of Miss Huntley. In this historic epoch, we were joined by Robbie, Logan, Belton, Ander-

son and Stanger. Owing to the aforesaid domination, no event of note occurred. It will be here noticed that a very important change in the staff took place, namely, the replacement of Canon Eardley-Wilmot by Canon Kelly.

And now we enter the final lap of our involuntary pursuit of knowledge. Our ranks were again swelled by the arrival of Marion, Elvira, Paton and Sue. Also three relics were handed down to us from last year's musty crop, in the persons of Dawes, Foster and Kelley (H). The interest of our select group has been mainly centered around the classics, and we have been amazed to note the intelligence of our early ancestors and the intricate details of construction in their orations (" . . . and the words 'domus' and 'rus' *don't* . . ."). Miss Eaton has suffered many tribulations at our hands during this last century, but we believe it has not broken her spirit—we hope! And now, in fear, due to the constant exhortations of our instructors during the troubled years which lie behind us, we face the final test of endurance. May the McGill examiners have mercy upon our souls!

E. ELDER.

Events of the Year

AUTUMN TERM

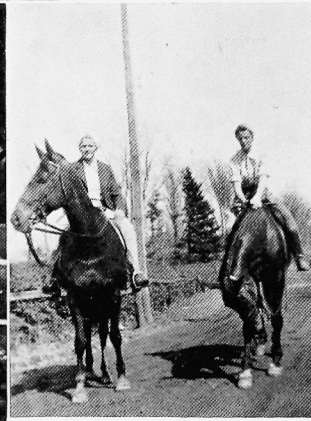
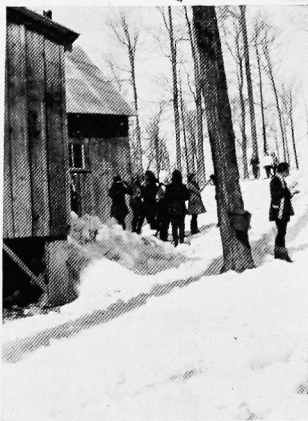
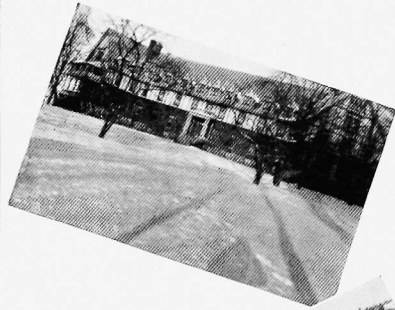
Sept. 3rd School opened
 Sept. 27th Harvest Service
 Sept. 29th Lecture by Mr. Sandwell
 Oct. 7th Thanksgiving Week-end
 Oct. 9th Bishop's Tea Dance
 Oct. 22nd Bishop of Quebec's Visit
 Oct. 31st Hallowe'en Party
 Nov. 4th Half Term Holiday
 Montreal Violin Quartette
 Nov. 17th School Dance
 Nov. 30th Glee Club sang in Church
 Dec. 2nd Pianist Paul de Markey
 Dec. 4th B.C.S. Plays
 Dec. 9th Juniors' French Play and Songs
 Dec. 10th Carol Service and Christmas Play
 Dec. 15th Christmas Holidays

WINTER TERM

Jan. 10th School re-opened
 Feb. 2nd Talk by the Bishop of Quebec—Moving pictures of Labrador
 Feb. 16th Ski trip to North Hatley
 Feb. 17th Half-term holiday
 Feb. 21st Entertained by Mr. Dickson Kenwin
 Feb. 23rd Sleigh Ride
 Feb. 25th School Concert
 March 10th Glee Club went to Sherbrooke
 March 17th Lecture by Dr. Moody (English Cathedrals)
 March 20th End of Term

SUMMER TERM

April 3rd School re-opened
 April 10th Lecture on Red Cross, by Mrs. Shaw
 April 19th Bishop's University Play. *The Perfect Alibi*
 April 26th *Iolanthe* by B.C.S.
 May 18th Bishop's Glee Club
 May 24th Holiday
 May 25th Confirmation Service
 June 12th Closing



The Year

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On October 31st our Hallowe'en Party was held in the "old gym" which the Matrics, after much deliberation, had transformed into a Night Club. As one entered the door the large and striking sign "The Checkerboard Nite-Club" first caught one's glance. Then one saw the small tables and chairs scattered around the room; the balloons hung in clusters from the walls and lamps; and the red and blue "bar" which flaunted the cooling insignia of "Refreshments", while from the far end of the room soft music stole forth hauntingly (!) from the orchestra.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Diana Schwartz, was composed of all the girls in the Senior "Arts" and the Matric classes, who played kazoos and combs. However, Elizabeth Hume "swung" it on her saxophone, Diana Dawes played her accordion, Joy Harvie beat the traps and Anna Martin rhythmically accompanied on the piano.

These girls all wore *very* short pleated skirts of multi-coloured checks, long sleeved white blouses, silver sandals and large checked bows which perched coyly on top of their heads. Joy Harvie may be thanked for the making of many of these costumes.

The Grand March started off to the orchestra's theme song, *Roll Out the Barrel*, and the girls, in many clever and amusing costumes, thrice encircled the room. The costumes were excellent among some of the cleverest being a hot water bottle, and a clothes line.

After the Grand March the girls danced for some time, and then came an intermission during which refreshments were served as the guests watched the floor show. This entertainment was directed by Jane Holt and was both witty and amusing. The only fault anyone could find with it was that it did not last long enough.

Prizes were then given for the best costumes, and the staff received little favours.

The dancing continued until 12 o'clock, after which everyone retired.

MEG. AITKIN, *McGill Matric.*

THE HORSE SHOW

On October 20, many of those interested in riding were taken to the Sherbrooke Horse Show. We were especially excited because one of the Matrics, Joan Stanger, was riding in several classes. Although the horse show is not very large we saw many well-known horses and learned a great deal from the jumping, saddle and harness classes.

Between the classes there were other events. Some small boys on ponies took part in a potato race, which was very funny. A man put his trained pony through some very clever tricks. There was a grand parade of most of the horses, draught, saddle and harness, led by a small pony.

I think most of us enjoyed the jumping best, but the other classes did not go by unnoticed. We arrived back, quite late, tired but happy, and we hope the war will not spoil next year's show.

PATSY BEEMAN, *McGill Matric.*

THE TEA-DANCE

Monday, October 9, was the annual Big Day for B.C.S. After the Old Boys' game in the morning, and the Prize Giving after lunch, the tea-dance was held in the gymnasium—but not until two big buses roll up, and Compton tumbles out. Although there was not the full orchestra this year, everyone had as much fun as ever; and there were the usual complaints when at 6.30 promptly the orchestra played *God Save the King*, and buses rolled up again, and Compton tumbled back in, with "fond" farewells from all sides.

JANE HOLT, *McGill Matric.*

LECTURE

On September 29, Mr. Sandwell, the Editor of *The Saturday Night*, came and talked to us. He told us about the different forms of government, which enlightened us as to the way the country is governed. His talk was very interesting and we all enjoyed it immensely.

JOAN DENMAN, *VIA.*

"THE DANCE"

This year we held our annual dance on November 19, in the new gym. The matric class spent the day making the gym hall attractive with our school colours, and hundreds of balloons of many hues. Then, after work comes play, and as the fatal hour came around, the reception committee greeted the boys and made the necessary introductions.

Swaying to and fro to the strains of Rollie Badger's band, we passed through the hours like magic so that before we knew it we found ourselves seated with our "dates" at supper.

Miss Gillard was entertaining a number of friends, and some of the staff seemed to be joining the Army!

After supper, we "tripped the light fantastic" for an hour or so more, and then to the majestic strains of *God Save the King* we closed another chapter of our school life long to be remembered.

SYDNEY PERKINS, *Arts*.

—o—

MUSIC

The vote for love of music is almost completely unanimous in this school. Indeed, a large number who do not take lessons in either piano, voice or violin, are quite accomplished musicians. Miss Tibbs, one of our music mistresses, introduced the playing of "Tonettes" at the beginning of the year. The girls have been very enthusiastic in learning to play. The Glee Club plays a very decided part in our school life. Directed by Miss Louise Masten and accompanied on the piano by Miss Huntley, the Glee Club has learned some very beautiful songs during this past year.

NANCY HUGHSON, *Ontario Matric*.

—o—

A MUSICAL EVENING

On November 10, the Montreal Violin Ensemble, consisting of Miss Florence Hood, Gwyneth Gray, Joan Archibald, Vivien Jones and the pianist H. Prutzman, entertained us with a variety of delightful compositions. The concert was divided into three parts, each one being made up of three or four selections. There were many encores, especially for the *London-derry Air* and *Liebesfreud*.

ANN DUNCANSON, *VIA*.

MR. DE MARKEY'S WEEK-END AT K.H.C.

As everybody had expected, Mr. De Markey's short visit was accompanied by a heavy snow-fall. He seems unwilling to let go his reputation of being the "snow-bringer".

He gave us a very enjoyable concert on Saturday night, in fact, we were all so delighted with it, that he had to play again on Sunday, so that Mr. De Markey seemed absolutely exhausted by the time we had finished with him. Among his array of pieces, Chopin's *Polonaise in A Flat* proved to be most popular.

We do all sincerely hope that Mr. De Markey will come out again next year, and bring some more snow!

HELEN ESTIN, *VIB*.

—o—

THE GLEE CLUB SINGS IN SHERBROOKE

On Sunday evening, March 10, the Glee Club went to Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke, where they replaced the choir for the service. They sang *The Lord is My Shepherd*, and *Hear My Prayer*, in which latter Miss Masten was the soloist. Mrs. Bell graciously consented to accompany them on the organ. The service was brought to a close by an arrangement of *The Lord's Prayer*.

BARBARA ANDERSON, *Ontario Matric*.

—o—

RECITAL

On November 30, a short recital was given in St. James Church, Compton, by Mrs. Bell, assisted by some members of the King's Hall Staff and the Glee Club. The programme included several organ solos by Mrs. Bell. Miss L. Masten rendered three vocal solos. *I Waited for the Lord* was sung, as a duet, by Miss Masten and Miss Gurd. Miss Tibbs played several movements from well known sonatas. To bring the evening to a close, the Glee Club sang *The Lord is My Shepherd* under the direction of Miss L. Masten.

BARBARA ANDERSON, *Ontario Matric*.

JUNIOR RECITALS

The Junior school has given two recitals this year—the first in the winter term was entirely musical; the second in May was of both music and poetry. The latter was begun with two selections of choral speaking; *Griselda* by Farjean, and Tennyson's *Throstle*. Then various piano selections were heard. These were very well played. Three songs were sung by Margaret Anne Forbes, after which a number of the girls recited poems. The recital met with great success even though four of the girls were absent.

JUDY BAKER, VB.

—o—

THE BISHOP'S VISIT

The Bishop of Quebec's annual visit to King's Hall is one that is looked forward to with great enthusiasm by everyone. This year, we were able to go with him on his trip to the Labrador Coast and through the Gaspé by means of moving pictures. We were able to see for ourselves the places, of which he has told us so often.

The pictures opened with scenes of churches in Quebec, and from there, the Bishop boarded a small steamer and sailed down the St. Lawrence, stopping now and then at out-of-the-way settlements. Having reached the Atlantic, he went North until he reached the end of Canada, visiting the English settlers for whom such visits are very rare. He then showed scenes of his trip around the Gaspé. Some of the reels were in colour and were very striking indeed. On the whole, it proved a very enjoyable evening.

SUZANNE HAAS, VIA.

—o—

RECITAL

On February 21, Mr. Dixon-Kenwin again entertained us with his interpretations of many of the characters from Shakespeare and Dickens. He also recited some beautiful modern verse, and gave us several excellent imitations. He closed his varied programme with a skit we enjoyed immensely. We are all looking forward to his coming again next year.

MEG AITKIN, *McGill Matric.*

DR. MOODY'S LECTURE

On March 17, Dr. Moody, the London representative of the Royal Academy of Music at the Quebec Music Festival, paid us a visit.

After having supper with the whole school in the lounge, he gave a lecture, illustrated by slides, on the Cathedrals of England. He opened his lecture by showing a slide of one of the first cathedrals in England that was built in the Saxon period. He showed how cathedrals had been built during several different architectural periods. He commented on the fronts of the cathedrals and pointed out the faults and good points of each. The terms he used in describing the interiors and the exteriors had all been studied by the pupils taking General Information, and this made the lecture more interesting to them than if they had not been familiar with the expressions.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, VIA.

—o—

IN THE STUDIO

This year the Studio has been the centre of many and varied activities. Drawings, crafts, toys for the Red Cross, and costumes have all been made.

Crafts seem to have been very popular this year, and there are many lovely articles of leather, wood, and cloth. The juniors and seniors have been busy all year and have donated many of their articles for the Red Cross bazaar.

As we now have our own branch of the Red Cross, many of the girls have been busy designing and making toys which are very attractive.

Many things have been accomplished in the studio this year, and we wish to thank Miss Robertson for her kindness and helpful instruction to us all, in making this possible.

JOAN DENMAN, VIA.

—o—

There was a young lady called Ann
Who was driving a V8 Sedan—
Crashed into a truck
And got herself stuck
Inside of an empty milk can.

ELLEN MCCRAE, VIA.

DRAMATICS

During the year thirty plays were worked on, but owing to illness, two of them were not produced.

The Juniors gave a very good performance in *Cabbages and Kings* which was an exceedingly humorous and interesting play. At Christmas Sheila Elder and Jean Dodds put on *The Littlest Shepherd* so well that we all felt strangely touched at the end. In the first term VA gave *The Dyspeptic Ogre*, in which Margaret McCuaig made a delightfully grumpy old ogre.

This year VIB has put on four plays. The humorous ones were *To the Victor*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and some scenes from *Twelfth Night*. On the more serious side was *Mirror to Elizabeth*. The latter was particularly good and Connie Taylor and Anna Martin played their parts in it excellently.

Of the VIA plays, the most outstanding was *Joint Owners in Spain*, in which Suzanne Haas, Janet Morrissey and Ellen McCrea took the parts of three inmates of an Old Ladies' Home, while Margaret Williams was the superintendent. Their other plays were *They're None of Them Perfect*, *Pink for Proposals*, a scene from *School for Scandal*, and *The Silver Lining*, all comedies. Here I should like to say that during this last term, some of the girls in VIA have been trying their hand at writing plays themselves.

The Arts form put on *Elmer* the first term, which was very good and in this our sympathies went out to Edith Fallon as Elmer, and Sheila Hanson, who took the part of his sister. In the second term Sidney Perkins and Edith Fallon gave a performance of *Square Pegs*. The last two terms, the Arts have been working on *Quality Street*, but, much to everyone's disappointment, they will not be able to produce it because of the illness of "the leading man".

The Matriculation form put on *The Trysting Place* and *The Heart of a Clown* in the first term, both of which were very interesting. The latter was chosen as a play to be given in Sherbrooke the next term to help a charity. The second term, *The Bishop's Candlesticks* and *Jeanne D'Arc* were performed. In the former, Nancy Hughson as the Bishop and Jane Holt as the criminal were especially worthy of mention. During the last term, *A Room in the Tower* was

put on by the Matrics, in which Gloria Partridge and Jane Holt played the leading parts.

It was decided that the two best plays of the year would be given this last term for an outside audience. The two chosen were *Mirror to Elizabeth* and *Joint Owners in Spain* which, I must say, were both highly deserving of this honour.

MARION NEW, *Ontario Matric.*

—o—

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

On April the tenth, Mrs. Shaw came out from Montreal to tell us about the work of the Junior Red Cross. She gave us a very interesting account of its extent, and the wonderful work it has performed in the various countries of the world. Mrs. Shaw also displayed some of the handiwork of the members of this organization to give us an idea of what might be done and was expected from us.

We now have formed three different Junior Red Cross units in the school. The knitting group, of which Elizabeth Hume is the head, consists of about fifty members. They are knitting baby clothes, and for the soldiers. Patsy Beeman is in charge of the toy department. The two dozen girls in this unit have been making many ingenious toys to amuse small children and invalids. The third unit is the sewing group under the supervision of Joy Harvie. There are fourteen girls in this division who are making clothes for young children. A number of the girls are in two of these units.

Now that the Junior Red Cross is so well established in King's Hall, it is hoped that its members will carry it to a greater success next year.

JOY HARVIE, *McGill Matric.*

—o—

There are seventeen girls in Matric,
And most of them dumb as a brick;
The bright ones get through,
The dumb ones try to,
And the teachers give up and get sick.

FRANCES MOFFATT.



SKIING

Now that our skis are reposing, covered with dust, in the basement, it seems hard to believe that a few short weeks ago we were gliding down hill on top of them, or vice-versa! The snow was deep, even the rugged peaks (?) of Windy were submerged, and we spent many hours toiling up. Some hardy souls ventured farther afield in search of new hills like Moe's River

Almost everyone who had her test went to North Hatley and even though most did not attempt the sky-line; the hills were almost perpendicular compared to our own. Everyone's skiing improved I think, but there are still a few who find the force of gravity cannot be trifled with, and agree with me that "there ought to be a ski tow on the farm hill!"

ELIZABETH ELDER, *McGill Matric.*

—o—

TENNIS

Although the courts are not ready to play on yet this spring, most people found time last fall to get in a game or two. We even managed an inter-house tournament, the finals taking place in the best thunderstorm of the season, in which Rideau was the victor.

HOCKEY

Hockey is a grand game, but it can be appreciated better by those not on the receiving end of a fast ball. This year there were more and better games than usual, and apart from a few broken teeth, no permanent injuries. After many furious struggles, Macdonald succeeded in being the final winner of the house games. The one game which the school played against the mistresses appeared to be enough for the latter's old and weary bones; anyway they never showed up on the field again.

—o—

BADMINTON

Great interest has been taken in badminton this year. Everyone has played and Miss Gurd has taken a great deal of trouble instructing and arranging tournaments and times for playing.

During the winter term, form tournaments were played, and the winners played off for the junior and senior school cups. Also in this term, as last year, the Mollett sisters from Montreal, former Dominion champions, came and played for us; for which event we sported a new net. They played with different members of the staff and some of the girls. We all learned a great deal from watching them, and hope they will be able to play for us next year.

PATSY BEEMAN, *McGill Matric.*

BASKETBALL

The last term more basketball has been played than in the middle term, because the skiing and weather conditions were so good this year. For the most part our form and house games have been played off in this final term. There seems to have been confusion regarding which house should win, because the scores have been so even. We have a number of good new players in the school this past year, who have taught us various tricks, and have helped us in our passing and shooting.

The first house game between Macdonald and Montcalm proved a tie. The next between Rideau and Macdonald proved victorious for Rideau. It is not yet definite to whom the sports' shield will be awarded.

MARY MOLSON, VIA.

—o—

B.C.S. vs. K.H.C.

On the cold, cloudy day of November 22nd, the brave lads of B.C.S. came over to battle the husky lassies of K.H.C. The boys, not used to ground hockey rules and regulations, were a bit confused at first, but alas for K.H.C. when they caught on! The score ended in a tie so neither side was humbled. The boys enjoyed a swim in the pool, and then tea was served for both teams in the library.

JANE HOLT, *McGill Matric.*

—o—

SKATING

On account of the rink being on the tennis court this winter it was not so mountainous as usual, and every afternoon one could see a few mad creatures rushing around in small circles only to land in graceful horizontal positions, but what is one more bruise?

—o—

I know all the girls join me in thanking Miss Keyzer and Miss Gurd for their always ready help with all our sports.

DIANA SCHWARTZ, *Sports Captain.*

School Houses

Macdonald

Matric.

E. Belton	J. Holt
D. Dawes	N. Logan
N. Foster	G. Partridge
J. Harvie	F. Robinson
E. Holden	J. Spafford

Arts

J. Beckett	E. Fallon
A. Cameron	M. Garneau

D. Steven
VI-A

J. Carr	S. Haas
J. Denman	F. Kelley

E. McCrea
VI-B

F. Bevan	H. Hooper
N. Boyd	E. Johnson

C. Taylor
V-AE. Knutson
IV-A and V-B

J. Baker	M. A. Forbes
N. Baldwin	S. Harrison

Rideau

Matric

P. Beeman	H. Kelley
E. Elder	F. Moffatt
M. Hogarth	D. Paton
E. Hume	J. Stanger
J. Jenckes	S. Young

VI-A

J. Cluse	P. McDowell
A. Duncanson	G. McKee
F. Franklin	M. Molson

J. Morrissey
Arts

S. Little	L. Watson
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VI-B

M. L. Bell	A. Ewens
E. Birks	P. A. Jackes
J. Davidson	A. Stokes

V-A

R. Aitkin	M. Moore	J. Price
V-B		IV-A
E. Casgrain		J. Dodds

Montcalm

Matric.

M. Aitkin	N. Fairley
B. Anderson	N. Hughson
H. Corbett	M. New

VI-A

A. Fox	M. Porter	M. Williams
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Arts

S. Hanson	A. Scott
F. Peacock	B. Shuter
S. Perkins	D. Visser
D. Schwartz	

VI-B

J. Birks	S. Oakley
H. Estin	V. Stannard
A. Martin	N. Taschereau
F. McCharles	

V-A

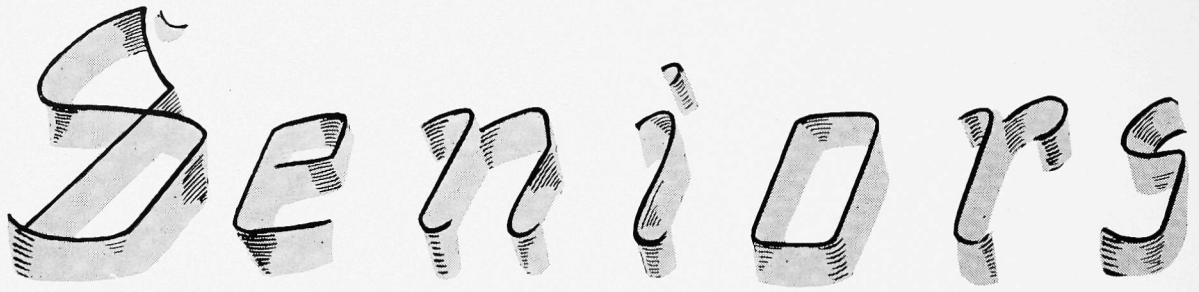
B. Angus	M. McCuaig
H. Davidson	M. Norman

V-B

IV-A

IV-B

D. Crabtree	S. Elder	A. Dunn
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Literary Section

McGill Matriculation

THE LAST FAREWELL

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Down the road one summer evening,
Down towards the silent village,
Trudged the great Matric, rejoicing.
Now their school days lie behind them,
Now the hours of toil are over
Now their fate has been decided
For the last exam is written.
Nevermore with pencils scratching
Will they write out extra Latin,
Work that has no rhyme or reason.
Nevermore with teachers scowling
(For their dullness was a legend),
Will they sit, in silent anguish,
Listening to the drone of theorems;
While the noon-day sun is beating,
Beating down on freer people
Who will someday know the trouble
All the trials of education.
Nevermore on winter mornings,
While the frozen world is sleeping
Will they rise to strident clanging,
For indeed it is the ending.
So with mingled joy and sorrow
Do they tread that well-known roadway
For the final celebration.

ELIZABETH ELDER.

PATSY BEEMAN.

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD

Childe Harold is the best poem of Byron's earlier years. It expresses his contempt for the empty formalities and conventions of life. It is autobiographical in meaning. The first part shows how Childe Harold finds that he is out of tune with the world; and that although he travels extensively, he still feels that he has little in common with mankind and no one to love him.

The next part deals mainly with the Battle of Waterloo. This is generally considered the most outstanding part of the whole poem. The description of the battle is beautiful. First, comes the gay scene of the ball, then in contrast to that "But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!!" The warriors rush off to the battle. "Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!" Then follows the battle. Swift action is depicted here. Then comes the aftermath. "Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!" These are truly fine lines. In this part Byron forgot self-centered point of view. Such verses as quoted above will not soon be forgotten. However, in the first part while Byron was sincere and earnest in describing his point of view of life, he did not as Matthew Arnold said, "see life steadily and see it whole."

HELEN KELLEY.

ON "PREP" DUTY

She sits in front of us at the large battered charge desk for two endless hours each night, controlling with a single withering glance whatever naughty or restless impulse threatens to lead us astray. On her shoulders alone rests the weighty responsibility of well learned French verbs and correct algebra examples, for it is her presence that inspires tired minds to miracles of concentration.

As she sits quietly correcting geometry, thumbing through well-worn history note books, or besmattering Latin papers with red ink, her vigilant eyes move around the room and the most persistent wriggler becomes silent. The minutes slowly stumble by until, the room growing warmer with the minutes, she rises, and mercifully opens the windows, filling the room with cool air. More minutes tick by, the pile of papers grow in front of her, and scarlet ink now flows gaily down the charge desk. The first hour passes and she again rises, and both pupils and she stretch their tongues for a brief interlude.

Once more "Prep" commences and regretfully she sinks down to the pile of papers, but gone is all their interest for her; her quick glance becomes even more discerning as the pile disposed of, she lackadaisically pens a letter. The letter having been addressed she now half-heartedly glances at a magazine, her once piercing gaze diverted to her watch face!

Now the minutes seem to have stopped even their stumbling, and restlessly she shuffles through the papers, piles and repiles her books, winds her watch, and begins to gaze about with a slightly sleepy air, until the supper bell peals its welcome notes, releasing her from the tiresome task.

M. AITKIN.

There was a young girl of King's Hall,
Who was slim and exceedingly tall.
The girls round about her
Were shorter and stouter,
They envied that girl of King's Hall.

H. CORBETT.

MAIL-TIME

"Here comes the mail now! Make way for Schwartz; let her stand on that chair. Oh, don't read the papers out, just drop them on the table. Hurry! Gosh, Glo, if I don't get a letter to-day I'll die.

Here's one for you now. Yale, did you say? Some people have all the luck. O.K. I'll read it after. I've just got to get one. YES!! And here's one for me after all; it's about time I got a letter, it's ages since I've had one; and I've certainly written enough lately. YES!! I wonder who this one will be from? Glo, I've got it! Oh let me out of this mob, where can I sit? Oh . . . honestly I'm scared stiff to open it. I was beginning to think it would never come. Yes, I certainly will be in a good mood for the rest of the day. Now sh-h-h, I want to read it. Here goes . . . Whoops!!"

JOY HARVIE.

—o—

MATRIC. MOVIES

The School . . .	<i>Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence.</i>
Miss Eaton . . .	<i>The Escape.</i>
The Class . . .	<i>Each Dawn I Die.</i>
M. Aitkin . . .	<i>It All Came True.</i>
P. Beeman . . .	<i>First Love.</i>
H. Corbett . . .	<i>Miracles For Sale.</i>
D. Dawes . . .	<i>Little Accident.</i>
E. Elder . . .	<i>Naughty, But Nice.</i>
J. Harvie . . .	<i>The Mortal Storm.</i>
E. Holden . . .	<i>Pack Up Your Troubles.</i>
J. Holt . . .	<i>Bachelor Mother.</i>
E. Hume . . .	<i>Two's Company.</i>
J. Jenckes . . .	<i>Fast and Furious.</i>
H. Kelley . . .	<i>Too Busy to Work.</i>
N. Logan . . .	<i>What a Life.</i>
F. Moffatt . . .	<i>Night Nurse.</i>
G. Partridge . . .	<i>The All American.</i>
F. Robinson . . .	<i>20,000 Men a Year.</i>
J. Spafford . . .	<i>The Big Guy.</i>
J. Stanger . . .	<i>Silent Command.</i>

JANE HOLT
FRANCES ROBINSON

THE BLUE ISLES

A FAIRYTALE

Far away in the land of make-believe, behind the Rose Mountains and just between Fairyland and the Wishing Star, lie the beautiful Blue Isles of Peace. Sunk in the mauve waters of Enchantment Lake, Peace shimmers in the noon-day sun like a great feather from a bluebird's wing. The tiny pinky-purple waves gently touch its gleaming sands and then, as if fearing themselves too daring, they tumble over each other in a giggling attempt to reach the protection of that shining stretch of water. A hazy mist surrounds these Isles in a soft embrace, enveloping them with its protecting folds, so that no enemy can pierce its milky depths and shatter the happiness of those who live there, for these Islands are the home of those weary individuals, the discarded toys.

Here all the toys in the world who find that they no longer are needed or loved, flee; and they while away their time under the fiery perimmon trees reminiscing about the happy days when they and their "mothers" used to romp the earth. Around the glowing embers of the fragrant sandalwood fires they wax eloquent about these mortal "mothers" and in the arguments that ensue all the beauty of the deep ebony night is lost to them.

This is the place to which Toinette, that once beautiful French doll whom you so shamefully neglected, fled to find Peace. Here Tumbling Thomas, the tattered teddy bear who vanished last year while you were away on that long trip, spends his days plucking bee-less honey combs from the glittering Honey Bushes. Sarah, the sleepy-eyed stocking doll, dozes by the emerald cascades of Crystal Fountain and listens with an appreciative ear to the tickling tunes of the melodious waters as they drip harmoniously from rock to rock.

These and many other of our childhood companions find long deserved rest among the Blue Isles, and only when the gentle south wind blows the iridescent rainbow to form a triumphant bridge from the Blue Isles to Earth, will these toys ever return.

M. AITKIN.

— 1940 —

The cannons roar, and through the air the fatal Missiles fly to find their goal in some far Battle line. Strewn with tangled wire, the earth Lies barren where great nations fight for causes Long forgot. Through the leaden clouds of smoke O'erhead, the planes fly high above the fray And drop their deadly bombs, so men fight on, And wage a war, by one man's greed begun.

H. CORBETT.

—o—

PLATERO Y SU AMO

Estoy leyendo un libro encantonado de un burriquito que se llama Platero, y de su bondadoso amo. Platero es pintado con tanto amor que en el fin del libro lo amamos como un hermano.

Durante su vida muchas aventuras encontró Platero. Voy a contar a Ud. una de ellas. Una mañana cuando Platero y su amo entraban en la dehesa, su amo notó que Platero cojeaba. Se echó al suelo y le preguntó que se le pasaba. Entonces levantó un poco la mano derecha de Platero y vió que esta clavada en ella una espina larga y verde. Pobrecito Platero !

Estremecido del dolor de su amigo, el amo tiró de la espina. Luego lo llevó al arroyo donde crecían lirios amarillos. Allí Platero lamó con su larga lengua pura, la heridilla. Pues, se fueron, el amo delante, recibiendo suaves topadas en la espalda, de Platero cojeando detras.

H. KELLY.

—o—

MUSIC

A mixture of sound and vibration
Rolling in waves through the ear,
Chords with a different inflation
That bring forth a laugh or a tear.

Notes that bring visions of splendour,
Sounds that recall pleasant things,
Tune that we always remember
As all through the ages it rings.

DIANA DAWES.

AUTUMN

Colours a painter would gasp at,
 Splashes of gold and of red,
 Green with the brown intermingled—
 Enough to awaken the dead.

A landscape n'ere could be painted
 Though magnificent be the hue,
 That would carry the vivid collection
 Enhanced in this glorious view.

Was ever a season more lovely?
 Was ever a country so gay?
 As this beautiful autumn morning,
 As this wonderful clear, bright day!

DIANA DAWES.

SPRING

The buds are breaking on the trees,
 The grass is turning green.
 In every vale, on every hill,
 The signs of spring are seen.

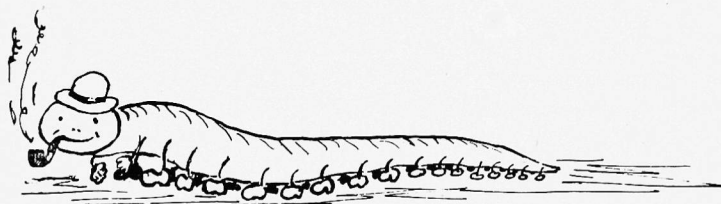
The brook runs laughing on its way,
 The snow has long been gone,
 The spotted dogtooth violets
 Re-open every dawn.

And in the pasture on the hill
 The little lambs at play,
 Go skipping o'er the grassy slopes,
 Through all the livelong day.

H. CORBETT.

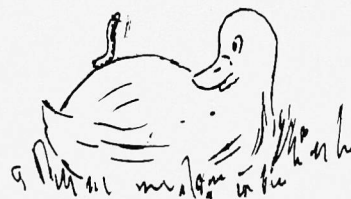
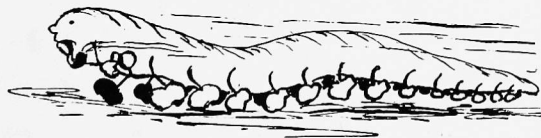
Charlie

Now Charlie was a centipede,
 Of rare and juicy type,
 He wore a hat upon his head,
 And always smoked a pipe.

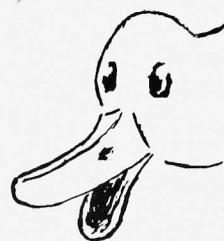


And when he went his daily walk,
 It took him hours to dress.
 He had so many shoes to tie,
 He always looked a mess.

One morning while he made his way
 He thought he saw a hill.
 He climbed until, with great surprise
 He saw it had a bill.



It heaved and turned its head around
 And Charlie fled with fright.
 He felt the duck not far behind,
 So ran with all his might.



He saw his door a long way off
 And faster did he shim.
 And when quite safe within his hole,
 He thumbed his nose at him.

PATSY BEEMAN

Ontario Matriculation

LOCH EINICH

Like a flower a loch lies amongst the hills with radiating petals of purple slopes. It is far from any human dwelling and the only sign in the whole scene that man has been there before is the remains of a bothy on the shore, and this was burned down years ago and has long since fallen into utter ruin.

On one side of Loch Einich there rises, in sweeping slopes broken at the top by dark corries and rocky "castles", the grim Ben Mhor, still forbidding even though a hot sun beats down on it and soft-cloud shadows move quietly across it; on the other side of the Loch lies the Brown Cow like a sleeping giant, drowsy and passive in the sun. Beyond these lie more hills the tops of which look over each other's shoulders to see the wonder of the Loch. Yet it is unconscious of its beauty as it lies so still and peaceful partly surrounded by a fringe of dark green rushes and fed by a brown burn, full of the speckled hill trout, which passes through a fragrant peat moss before emptying itself into its safe retreat.

Though there seems to be perfect quiet there is not, really, for the air is full of the drone of honey-laden bees flying drunkenly through the pollen-dusty air, while curlews call in the distance, and sometimes a wandering lamb bleats for its mother.

The whole air is heavy with the scent of heather, of earth, and damp sphagnum moss.

Suddenly the peace is broken as a solitary heron, bird of ill omen, startled, rises with harsh squawking from the loch. It splashes through the water with trailing legs and then ponderously beating its way higher it swiftly wings its way due north.

DOROTHY PATON, *Ontario Matric.*

—o—

There is a young lady named Liz,
Who at math'matics is considered a whiz!

With Einstein she chatted—

With Miss Brewer she "fratted"—

What a whiz at math'matics Liz is!

SUE YOUNG, *Ontario Matric.*

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

When they are gone awhile, first Chiron comes
Adown the bald top of proud Pelian,
And brings his offerings sylvan in the sun;
Of whatsoever flowers the plains abound
And those the lands hard by the sea give up
—Fruitful the slopes that lead from Thessaly—
Favonius ruffles with a singing wind,
The waters swelling by a river's bank.
He, Chiron, weaves the flowers in divers knots,
And brings them to her dwelling place,
which laughs,
Delighted, with the petal's fresh, pure scent.

MARGARET HOGARTH.

—o—

There was a young lady named June,
Fell in love with the man in the moon,
All night she would stare
From her room in despair
After this she went mad very soon.

JOAN STANGER.

—o—

THE ONTARIO MATRIC. WALKING LIBRARY

- Nancy Hughson . . . *Ballade in G Minor.*
Sue Young *Time Out of Mind.*
Elizabeth Belton . . . *Gone With the Wind.*
Margaret Hogarth . . *Webster's Concise English
Dictionary.*
Dorothy Paton *The Clansman.*
Marion New *The Yearling.*
Nancy Fairley *Let the People Sing.*
Nancy Foster *All This and Heaven Too.*
Barbara Anderson . . *Escape.*

by BARBARA ANDERSON.

EVE OF STE. AGNES

This poem is rightly considered to be one of the most beautiful in the English language. Throughout there is no fault in its meter, and the choice of words is ever perfect. The poem itself has a charming though incidental story; if the work were cut in any place, it would still be considered great art.

The Eve of Ste. Agnes is chiefly notable for its wonderful figures of speech. It is rich in simile, metaphor, onomatopoea, and personification. Some of the most notable similes are the following: a thought like a "new-blown rose," and he melted into her dream "as the rose blends with the violet."

The description is perfect. Keats was one of the best of the Romantic poets and excelled in his art. The first stanza of the poem is one of the coldest in the English language. One can see the hare limping over the frozen grass, and that together with his other details of a cold night makes the reader almost shudder with cold. His description of Madeleine herself, of the stained glass windows with colours like the damask'd wings of a moth, and of the fruits which Porphyro laid out on the table, are all very apt.

Keats' characters are all real and one could imagine the people he described. Angela, the good-hearted but wretchedly palsied old woman, the young and beautiful Angela, her cruel father and his drunken kin, the eager Porphyro.

Keats in his poem gives us a complete picture. He framed it for us too, in his mention of the Beadsman in the second and third stanzas and the very last lines of the poem.

Thus, as true artistry and great poetry, *The Eve of Ste. Agnes* stands in the first rank among romantic English poems.

MARGARET HOGARTH.

—o—

There is a young maiden named Sue,
Who has a large dress which is blue,
She once could get into it
Now she must slim to it,
That corpulent maiden named Sue.

DOROTHY PATON.

THE "ONTARIOS"

We are a form called Ontario,
Ontario Matrics are we,
And in the following verses
The nine of us you'll see.

Hughson is our captain dear,
And tells us right from wrong.
Sue hails from Hamilton,
And is as broad as long.

Belton with the golden hair,
Is very calm and sweet.
Marion the inquisitive child,
At Latin can't be beat.

Dorothy from Scotland,
At a camera is a whiz.
Margaret half the time away,
Is just a great big "quiz".

Barbara with that winning smile,
Will never be forgot.
And Fossy, although not too big,
Could not be called a tot.

And Fairley not a poet,
As you easily can see,
Concludes this rhyme of Ontarios,
For Ontarios are we.

NANCY FAIRLEY.

—o—

THE FROZEN BROOK

Its waters proud in peace
Of glinting green,
All motion caused to cease
In the ravine.
The frozen brook reflects
From silver sky
All beauties and defects
That in it lie.
And loud the wild birds call;
Their echoes sound
Metallic, as they fall
Upon the ground.

MARGARET HOGARTH.

X = O

(With acknowledgment to John Drinkwater)

CHARACTERS:

David	} Canadians	Hans	} Germans
Peter		Otto	

SCENE I—*An English dug-out on a starry, summer night; inside are David and Peter, young Canadian soldiers. Peter is reading by a flickering lamp and David, gazing at the sky, is absorbed in dreams.*

PETER:—Have you ever seen a more beautiful night, David? Just look at those stars. I can see home now with the moonlight on the garden. I wonder what they are doing. This is the season for the best trout fishing. It seems impossible to think we are killing young men like ourselves who have every right to live and share the future.

DAVID:—What can you do? We were born into it. Much as we loathe it, we have to do it. Have you written any more on your book?

PETER:—No. Inspiration doesn't come with the booming of guns or sight of blood. All the lovely thoughts I ever had have disappeared now: there is nothing, nothing.

DAVID:—It's a shame. You should be home now writing your thoughts on paper for all the world to see. I don't suppose it would make much difference, though, if they did see it. I love the empire and what it stands for, and am willing to do my part, but when we have our youth we should be thinking of ambition, love, and later, marriage. Then we could do more for the world than what we are doing now.

PETER:—Yes, we could. At home in my room—it overlooked the blue Lake Huron—I could really write—I know I could have—I had a strong feeling for it, but now it is becoming weaker.

DAVID:—Yes, I know. And you soon won't have any at all. Once I had an ambition to discover an antitoxin for infantile paralysis. I was in my fifth year at the University. I used to do a few experiments and I had hoped that maybe some day if I kept on long enough something would come of it, but now nothing ever can. However I must get back. I have a commission to go into the enemy territory late to-night.

Good-bye. Take care of yourself. (*He ascends a ladder to the air.*)

PETER:—Keep your eyes open. I shall see you again soon. It is dreadful to think you are bound on such a mission. (*He goes back to his reading.*)

Curtain.

—o—

SCENE II—*A German encampment. Two young friends, Hans and Otto are talking. Hans is on sentry duty.*

OTTO:—When does your watch end?

HANS:—In half an hour, at midnight.

OTTO:—It is so still and peaceful after the boom of guns. This night reminds me of others on the Rhine when we used to go boating and dancing. Do you remember? It is long ago, but my memory is vivid. In a while I have to reconnoitre a section of the enemy territory. It will not be pleasant—one must kill or be captured. Already I have had to kill about one hundred of these men, like ourselves. Strange, they have all been young and full of life. It is a horrible thought and I dread it. Hans, where is this all going to end?

HANS:—I don't know. Have you progressed any in your ideas of reform?

OTTO:—No, I don't get a chance to think here. If only men would stop being such fools and realize they are wasting precious time. Life is so short and then to spend the best part of it killing men with whom you have no quarrel. . . I don't hear you talk of your music any more.

HANS:—Music doesn't fit in with noise and destruction. Sometimes at night when I dream of the willow trees leaning over the Rhine a melody comes to me, and if I only had time to write it down when I awake, I know it would be my greatest composition.

OTTO:—If the influential men could use us for some good in the country it would be much better. In spare moments I dream of a reform, a new government and happier people. It could be done, Hans, if men weren't so selfish and hard-hearted. Our life is being wasted here. What I couldn't do if I only had a chance! I hate to think of killing off those innocent men. They probably share the same ideas.

HANS:—You must be careful Otto. The moon is bright and might hinder instead of help you. The loss of many friends has made me cling to the living even more.

OTTO:—Don't worry about me. I know the plans sufficiently to succeed. You should work on your music.

HANS:—Take no chances so that afterwards you can work out your reform. Must you go so soon? (*He accompanies Otto outside and they part.*) Hans gazes for a while at the sky but on turning becomes aware of a shadow behind an object in the distance.

Who goes there?

(*Before Hans can give an alarm he is killed by David's shot.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III—*The English dugout again. Peter is still reading. From the shadow of the entrance Otto approaches stealthily and plunges his bayonet into the Canadian's heart. He catches the dead man as he falls, lays him down gently and goes out to continue his project.*

After a few minutes, David comes to the entrance and is busy removing his muddy boots.

DAVID:—What! Still reading? The book must be interesting to keep you awake so long. It's time the light was out. It was horrible, Peter. He was standing there looking at the stars as a lover might, but I had to do it or else he would have given the signal. Peter (*he has come in and looks toward the bed*). Peter... Speak . . . Peter . . . Dead . . . It is done, and in the German camp, one too shall come

CURTAIN

SCENE IV.—*The German encampment. Otto arrives back and discovers the body of Hans. Over his face passes a look of fierce resentment which changes to sorrow, and then tears, as he kneels by his friend.*

CURTAIN

ELIZABETH BELTON.

—o—

LANDSCAPE

Landscapes can be beautiful all the year around, but they are especially beautiful in the autumn. Standing on a hill, one sunny autumn

day, I looked down upon a veritable forest of maples and pines. The colours of the leaves were just at their peak and the bright yellows and reds of the maples contrasted vividly with the dark greens of the pines.

On the edge of the forest there were some beautiful little bushes with dark red leaves. They positively sparkled with bright noon-day sun shining on them.

The fields further over to the right of the forest were seas of deep yellow. The breezes constantly made ripples across them. Vaguely I could see dark spots in the fields and as I watched closely, they turned out to be mowers and wagons gathering up the grain.

The fragrant smell of the hay and clover arising from other fields almost lulled me to sleep, it was so intense.

Little animals of various descriptions were running around everywhere gathering up nuts and seeds as earnestly as the harvesters.

Just below me, some cows were lazily walking about or drinking from a stream which trickled noisily along, separating that field from the forest.

In a few days, the beautiful colours and hues of my forest would begin to darken and finally to disappear. So I took one more appreciative look all around me and turned back the way I had come.

SUE YOUNG.

—o—

THE STREAM

Through forest and meadow,
By city and town,
Now wide and now narrow,
The stream rushes down.

Bearing gently the children
Who play on its breast,
Kissing them with its spray,
It leaves them to rest.

When the moon rises up,
Shining bright in the night,
The stream glitters silver
In that pure, perfect light.

MARION NEW, *Ontario Matric.*

Intermediates

VIA's SAYINGS:

Jenny Cluse . . . "What'll I do?"
 Joyce Carr . . . "Anne, are you coming?"
 Joan Denman . . . "Sh-h-h-h"
 Anne Duncanson . . . "Oh Fiddle."
 Frances Franklin . . . "Oh, McCrae."
 Ann Fox . . . "Well I can't help it."
 Suzanne Haas . . . "Joan don't be dumb!"
 Frances Kelley . . . "I don't know."
 Ellen McCrae . . . "I — ?? ?? — phooey"
 Gerry McKee . . . "I'm sorry."
 Pat McDowell . . . "Boy, am I bright!"
 Mary Molson . . . "For gosh sakes."
 Janet Morrissey . . . "I was so embarrassed."
 Margaret Porter . . . ". . . where's Mare?"
 Margaret Williams . . . "But Miss . . ."

MARY MOLSON, VIA.



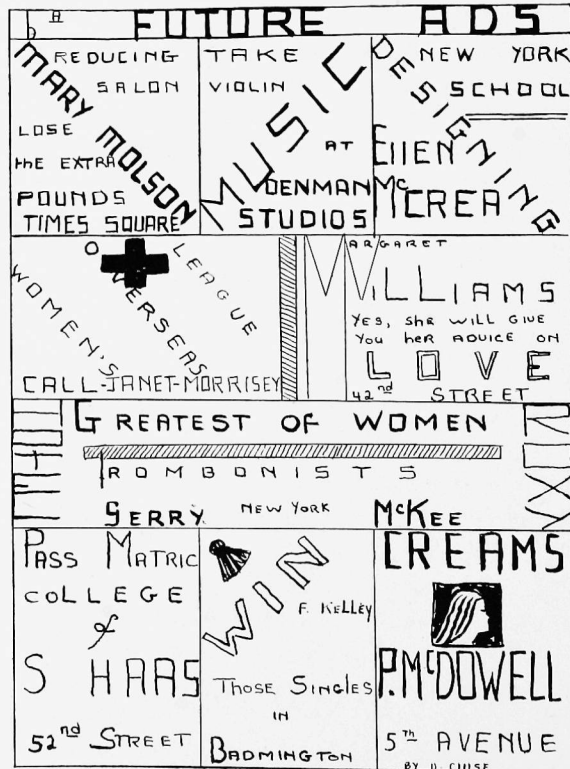
OUR LAST YEAR

When we think of the sadness of leaving school,
 And our girlhood left behind,
 The joys and friendships of happy years,
 Will remain for long in the mind.

We'll miss our dear old Windy Hill,
 And all our picnic haunts,
 The carefree wanderings in the fields,
 And other secret jaunts.

We'll miss the clanging of the bell,
 The echoing laughter from the pool—
 The exciting games on the hockey field,
 And other joys of our dear old School.

SHEILA LITTLE and
 MARGARET PORTER.



DAS STRICKEN IN KING'S HALL

Seit vielen Jahren stricken wir alle in King's Hall. Früher machten wir nur Struempfen, Jaeckchen und so weiter fuer ganz kleine Kinder. Dann ist eine von uns sehr hochstrebend geworden, und hat ihre eigenen Struempfen und vielleicht eine Ueberziehjacke aus bunter Wolle gestrickt. Aber heutzutage sind fast alle sehr geschickt und versuchen, verschiedene Sachen fuer die Soldaten und die Matrosen zu machen. Man strengt sich ordentlich an. In einem von den grossen Schulzimmern, hoert man nur die Stricknadeln und die Seufzer von einigen jungen Maedchen, den das Stricken schwer ist. Dann und wann singt man ganz leise. In einer Ecke sitzen drei Strickerinnen. Eine fragt, "Ach, was soll ich jetzt tun?" oder "Wie sieht dieses aus?" Auf einmal erscheint ein eigensinniges Maedchen. Dann rufen die drei Anderen aus, "Warum strickst du fuer dich? Du brauchst Nichts Neues. Und die Soldaten werden frieren!" "Ach, wird jene Schaerpe einen Soldat warm halten?" Eine Stimme klingt aus einer anderen Ecke herueber. "Seht, doch, ich mache etwas fuer das Rote Kreuz. Ich weiss nicht, ob es Kniehosen sind oder eine Ueberziehjacke!" Dann ist alles wieder still. Endlich erschallt der tiefe Ton der Schulglocke. Die Maedchen verlassen schnell die Stuehle und auch lassen sie die bunten Stueckchen Wolle liegen, die auf den Boden gefallen sind.

S. HAAS, VIA.

JE SUIS SEUL AU MONDE

Je suis un petit cheval qui demeure dans la Province de Québec . . . Personne ne m'aime et personne ne me soigne, mais je n'ai pas un seul souci parce que je suis seul au monde.

Ma maison est un très grand champ et une petite cabane où il y a beaucoup de trous dans le toit, mais je n'ai pas de soucis parce que ma robe est très épaisse. Quelquefois le cultivateur à qui appartient mon champ vient pour admirer le paysage, mais ses visites sont courtes, et je suis seul encore.

Je ne travaille pas parce que je suis vieux, mais je ne suis pas boiteux et je puis galoper très, très vite pour mon âge.

Le soir je galope jusqu'au bout de mon champ et je m'y arrête pour voir les rayons obliques du

soleil couchant. Le vent s'est arrêté et tout est tranquille, et j'aime être seul.

SYLVIA OAKLEY, VIB.

—o—

There was a young girl in VIA,
Who no work would do during May
When exams came in June.
She said, "Why so soon?"
And found herself back in VA.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, VIA.

MACBETH versus THE TEMPEST

MacBeth is more interesting than *The Tempest* because throughout in everything about it, it is so much more plausible, in spite of the witches and the visions, the latter of which can be looked upon as a mere flight of the imagination.

The players stand out more because of the clear definite characters Shakespeare has given them—all so well portrayed that it is nearly impossible to forget or misplace them.

The story has not a dragging point in it, and is always progressing, thus keeping the attention from the start to finish.

The humour in this play is much more appreciated because it is not frequent, but when it does come out it is keen and clever. It is also remarkably well placed, for instance, the drunken porter's scene right after *MacBeth's* climactic murder and immediately before the sorrow of the King's death overwhelms the castle.

The play is moreover better because it is enjoyed by all those who desire right and goodness always to be triumphant in the end and those who like the tragic—the latter are satisfied because in spite of *MacBeth's* many character faults it is impossible not to harbour even the slightest secret admiration for him.

And so, after looking at the play once more in the light of the preceding paragraphs, one is able to see clearly that *MacBeth* really is much more interesting than *The Tempest*.

FRANCES FRANKLIN, VIA.

—o—

There once was a car called "Miriah,"
Which had one very old tire,
It blew out one day
And I'm sorry to say,
That the passengers fell in the mire.

JANET MORRISEY, VIA.

WHY IS *MACBETH* A TRAGEDY?

MacBeth is a tragedy since the protagonist fails because of weakness in his character. This statement is correct because MacBeth himself is the protagonist and he fails and is killed because of his weaknesses of character which are chiefly too much ambition and mental cowardice. If he had not been so ambitious he would not have done the terrible things which he did and for which people turned against him from the middle of the play, as always happens in a Shakespearean tragedy. It is true that he was not a coward physically, but his will was not strong enough to keep him from being a coward in mind, and because of this he failed. A tragedy ends with the failure and, usually, the death of the protagonist, after everything has gone against him from the middle of the play, the whole thing having been caused by weaknesses in his own character. This is just what happened in *MacBeth*.

ELLEN MCCREA, VIA.

—o—

DESIRE

As the silver reflection, so soft and deep,
On the singing waves did shimmer and seep,
A lonely form to the skies above
Looked up, with glistening eyes of love,
"O come to my aid", they seemed to say,
"Guide me forever along the way
To where shining portals are ever lit
With words of comfort, and lines of wit—
So I beg thee, dear moon, to hear my prayer
As it rises through the night's sweet air."

SUZANNE HAAS, VIA.

—o—

In Winter, this girl always said,
She wished she could stay home in bed;
But in summer, our Joan
On the ground would lie prone,
Till her back was not white but bright red.

SUZANNE HAAS, VIA.

DICTUM EST

Dictum est that we are stupid;
Hard to teach, and never learn.
Dictum est if we don't study,
We will end with a return!

Dictum est we dream, and wander
Through the world in every class:
Dictum est by no attention—
We should never, never pass.

Dictum est we're silly fools—
Talk instead of sleep at dark.
Dictum est we're told again
We will end with order mark!

But *dictum est*! yes, *dictum est*!
Aren't these the days that are the best?

FRANCES FRANKLIN, VIA.

—o—

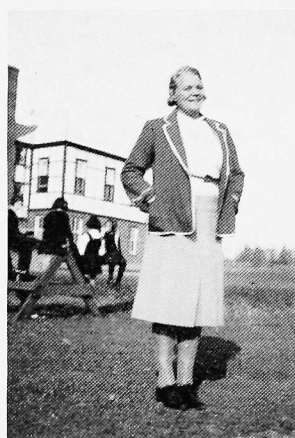
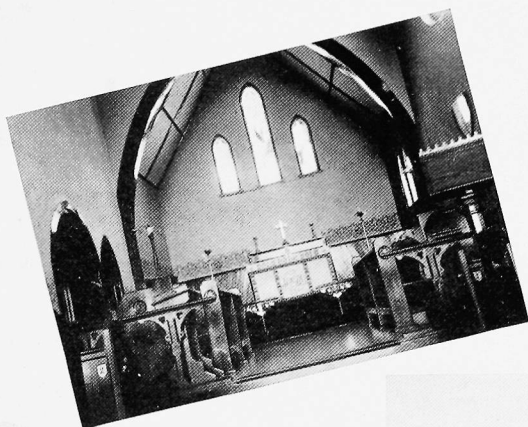
ODE TO ROOM 19

It was the night of the twenty-third
When Miss Keyzer came and it all occurred,
She opened the door and lo and behold—
Frances and Jenny were good as gold.
They sat on their beds midst food galore
And Miss Keyzer almost stepped in our store.
However she tripped on our hat-box top,
And our little feast was all a flop;
For she grabbed the box and all its food
And left us there in a sulky mood.

.

Room nineteen is a prankish place,
For often we see Miss Eaton's face,
From north, south, east and west
Each of us is known to be a pest;
She paces the floor outside our door
But we keep it up the more and more.
That continuous laughter from the two of us
Causes her to remove our only plus.
But alas our motto is plainly seen—
"Always have fun in room nineteen."

JENNY CLUSE and
FRANCES ROBINSON.



A DAY FROM THE DIARY OF A K.H.C. GIRL IN 1751

The bell having rung betimes, but being intolerable fatigued did rest me on my couch until the companions of my bed and chamber, thinking it expedient that I should arise, did pour over me icy waters from the well. Did clothe in haste and so to the hall of exercise, there to disport myself with other members of this institute under the watchful scrutiny of Mistress Keyzer—a comely wench not ill-favoured. Then to break my fast in the refectory, very pleasant.

We did then adjourn to our studies, our professor making some mention of a machine moved by the force of fire and water—vastly amazed if not a little sceptical.

The Lord having favoured me with a hearty relish for my victuals, we did dine at the noon hour with our Lady Principal. Much discourse at meat concerning a but lately fashionable type of slipper which we have desire to wear upon the Sabbath; she not heeding our protests did change the subject to a game, we rejoicing at this timely thought.

The air being balmy did risk ourselves to its gentle caresses, being admonished not to venture far for fear of encountering Indians or other unsavory characters. Must confess did pay little heed to warning, and with several companions did betake myself to the woods; no villains having been hung for two days and thinking it safe to collect some quantity of the sticky juice of the spruce, with which to beguile our time for the balance of the day, hoping this to strengthen our jaws for the winter's meat which is due to arrive by caravan this month.

Due at the tea-drinking, we retraced our steps, a mite fatigued from such unwonted exertion. We being an hour or two late and having to ascend the strong fortification (the gate being in full view of the professor's saloon) one of our party (Gloria), not being much like a mountain goat, was much provoked at losing one leg of her only pair of pantalettes, this resembling a flag of truce on the palisade—very embarrassing; do hope this will not attract Indians.

Supped in the village tavern, a tolerable meal made pleasant by the company of some village wights, one especially well-favoured, at whom I (Schwartz) blush to confess did smile more than

once. Then taking up his flask he did pour us each a measure of rum, one being intolerable thirsty (Elder) did drink the lot, the others not relishing this beverage. On our departure we espied a noble steed tied up, at which another of us wenches (Beeman) did attempt to mount, but her ankle being exposed, caused much shouting and cheering from the fast forming crowd, at which she did descend in haste covered with confusion. And so back, being urged by a genteel member (Meg), of our group who did remonstrate with us to leave the undesirables to their sport.

And so to bed, one friend (Harvie) desiring unnatural cleanliness did bathe in a tub full of water, she adding perfumes from her store, which somewhat did dispel the stuffy aroma of the dormitory (window taxes not having been paid, it is unlawful to open the windows); and congratulating her afterwards on her uncommon bravery, immediately placed her in the center of the bed, leaving room for the four others who might aid in banishing the rheum we feared she might have caught.

The candle being now near to extinction, I needs must continue this journal on the morrow.

by D. SCHWARTZ and E. ELDER.

—o—

REMEMBER

Remember the good old school days,
Out on Windy Hill,
Where we used to gather flowers
When the days were warm and still.

Remember the good old school days,
Out on the hockey field,
When we were tired of fighting
But "darned" if we would yield.

Remember the good old school days,
Away from the heat of the sun,
When we used to go in swimming
After the game was won.

Remember the good old school days,
When it was early June,
The exams were nearly over,
And school was closing soon.

ALICE CAMERON, *Arts*.

AN OLD MAN

Mr. X, quite the old gentleman, has reached the dignified age of eighty, and deliberately to call him "An Old Man" would without doubt, be the worst insult anyone could impose upon him. Eighty is considered a good many years to have lived, and by that time people are supposed to be aged and decrepit. But not Mr. X. Indeed no! He is as young as he feels, and far be it from me to tell you his secret.

Mr. X is a towering man of six feet two. He stands erect to the best of his ability, but the weight of the world, sorrows and hardships, have curved his shoulders to quite an angle. His legs are rather weak, one from being broken by a fall very late in life, but he does not let people realize it because he attempts to walk the way he did fifty years ago, even though he does have the help of a cane. This old gentleman has the loveliest head of white silky hair I have ever laid eyes on and a matching mustache that adds to his individuality.

Mr. X on the surface gives the impression of being quite like a lion. He roars, knits his eyebrows and glares at you. He gets upset and excited at the least little thing out of tune. Time has acted on him queerly and some of his idiosyncrasies are maddening. His stubbornness is sometimes beyond control. But underneath all this Mr. X is beyond doubt the kindest hearted, most lovable man you would ever wish to know. To relate to him a sad story makes this mighty lion as meek as a lamb and he immediately sets out to help where he can. Consideration of those under him is one of his great points. He perceives that they too are human and appreciate kindness as much as he himself does. He indulges, not in doing great things and having them published about, but in doing little things quietly and secretively. They are the small doings that add to great things. What a pleasure it is to curl up like a child on this gentleman's lap and have him tell you stories of years ago, that are far better than some stories you read. His hands, though worn by age and hard diligent work of trying to reach inaccessible heights, feel like a baby's delicate hand as he strokes your brow, while continuing his strange adventures of the happenings of the "gay nineties".

Even though he did live in the "gay nineties", he is quite the modern man.

This old gentleman, and allow me to repeat again, not "An Old Man", is quite a "character"; his life would make a volume of interesting books.

I hope I have painted this living picture of eighty years so as you can clearly see him before you. There is, of course, more to his character than I could ever tell.

EDYTHE FALLON, *Arts.*

—o—

RECIPE FOR WHITE CAKE

Cream the butter, add the sugar,
Stick your finger in to taste,
Add the egg yolk thickly beaten,
Oh dear! it spilt. My! what a waste—

Let's scrape it up while no one's looking,
There now, it looks as good as new,
Sift the flour, now add it slowly,
U-m-m, tastes good, I think, don't you?

Now beat the egg white with the beater,
Oh dear! the milk, well, never mind—
Can't make it much worse at this point,
And this can be a special kind.

It's now all ready for the oven,
Let's put it in, oh dear! oh my!
The baking powder, we forgot it!
Oh well, can't say we didn't try!

SHEILA HANSON, *Arts.*

—o—

THOUGHTS

Sometimes our thoughts wander far away,
In realms of fancy they love to stray.
They turn to the beauteous side of life,
Far from trouble and earthly strife.
Lovely pictures float before our eyes,
Green fields, tall trees and brilliant skies,
Pictures of a land that is fresh and fair,
Where all are happy and free from care.
With a start we return to this humdrum world,
But in our hearts the beauty lies furled.

MARY LOU BELL, *VIB.*

EUROPEAN JOURNEY

European Journey, by Philip Gibbs, who wrote *Since Then* and *Ways of Escape*, is a description of a journey through France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and the Saar Valley, taken in 1934.

The author gives us an account of the ideas, hopes, and fears which move in the minds of the common people, and expresses them in way-side conversations. He shows what the peasants think of world affairs and politics. As an example, I quote the words of an Austrian peasant, "There is no hope for Austria, except in union with Germany. The Dollfus Government will disappear and we shall unite with Germany." How true these words have proved to be, and so it is throughout the book.

You will visit beautiful cathedrals, where sleep the leaders of Europe, ancient palaces where kings have lived, and you will be shown Hitler's Germany as the author saw it. You will visit great cities, and tiny villages, and will see how "the other half" of the world lives. You will see art galleries, museums, and the birth-places of Europe's great poets, painters, writers and dramatists.

European Journey is a wonderful account of the feelings of the common folk. Those whose interest is in travel and politics can ask no more of this book.

ANNA MARTIN.

—o—

HAMPTON COURT

A Londres il y a un grand nombre de bâtisses importantes. Une de ces bâtisses est le Palais de Hampton Court, qui est à côté de la rivière Thames, et était au temps d'Henri VIII d'Angleterre, un palais royal. C'est le plus bel exemple qui existe de l'architecture Tudor. Il fut bâti pour le Cardinal Wolsey en 1515 quand celui-ci était au fait de son autorité. Plus tard Henri acheta le beau palais et y demeura pour un nombre d'années; mais quand Jane Seymour mourut c'est à peine s'il y retourna. La reine Elizabeth l'aima beaucoup aussi.

Une de ses galeries est hantée par le fantôme de Catherine Howard qui marche là. Elle était la cinquième femme d'Henri.

LAURENE WATSON.

VIB SPEAKS

Exit (in a huff) member of Staff.

1st VIB—*Out in the Cold Again*, she leaves me *Spellbound*.

2nd VIB—*This is No Dream* and *You'd Be Surprised* if you'd take a squint at the prep she left on the board.

3rd VIB—Well, I'm *Crying in My Dreams*, she might *Have Mercy*.

4th VIB—*It's a Blue World* when *Mister Aristocrat* steps in here.

5th VIB—Yes, and last night in prep—girls remember *I've Got My Eyes on You*, as if we didn't know.

6th VIB—Maybe we don't go about her in the right way, you know *An Apple for the Teacher* idea.

7th VIB—Well, it's worth trying, here goes, and *Let There Be Love*.

Greet next mistress with apple.

Mistress—Girls! *You Leave Me Breathless*.

Girls—Success! so folks *Start the Day Right* with *Love in Bloom*.

VIRGINIA STANNARD, VIB.

—o—

There was a young maiden called Jane
Who had the most terrible pain,
They split her wide open
And now we're all hopin'
She'll soon be all better again.

JOYCE CARR, VIA.

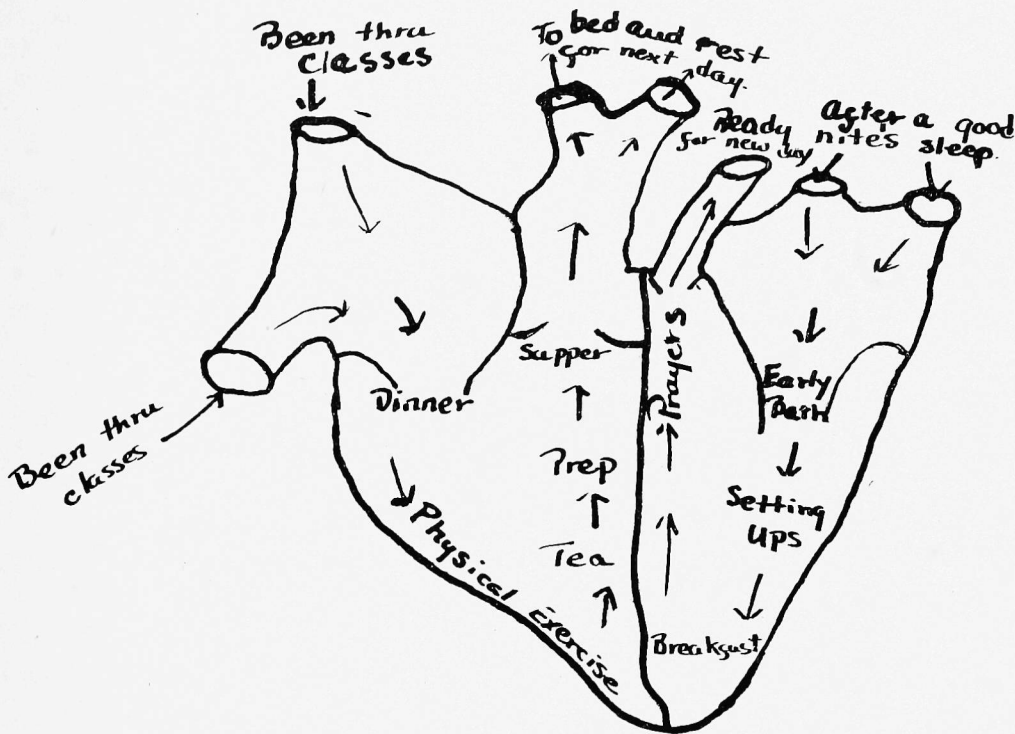
—o—

TIME'S REPOSE

The fire glowing quietly in the large open fireplace flickered once or twice as I drew near. There she was, tilting gently to and fro in that old ram-shackle rocking chair which had always been there, or at least as long as I have lived. The yellow-gold light accentuated those kind but haggard features and the slight smile on her lips made her appear as dead. Oh! what a thought, but no, she was only sleeping. Her eyes were closed and her head slumped, just a little, on her small frail shoulder where she looked as if she were cocking her eye to some young man of years ago. That magnificent crochet rug she had been working on was lying unheeded on the floor and her small wrinkled hands lay relaxed in her lap. I crept out again, the fire flickered its last and went out.

S. OAKLEY.

The Heart of K. H. C.



- Ann Ewens -

VISITING

After the mistress turns out every light,
 She imagines that she is through for the night;
 When after awhile she makes her retreat
 Then come the sounds of pattering feet—
 Doors open softly, and heads peek out,
 To make sure there isn't a soul about;
 Shadowy figures creep down the hall
 To visit a friend who welcomes them all;
 Sounds of great activity are heard
 'Till someone says, "Sh, here comes Miss Gurd!"
 Not a whisper is heard while the footsteps go by,
 Then somebody heaves a very big sigh—
 Again there is excited laughter and talk
 But suddenly is heard Miss Wallace's walk;
 Her flashlight into the room she shines
 And the revellers caught go down to write lines.

FRANCES MACCHARLES, VI.B.

A PERFECT DAY

As I walked along a lonely lane
 In the cool of the evening shade,
 The sun was just setting behind the hill,
 And the colours beginning to fade—
 And I thought how lovely the day had been
 With the sky of heavenly blue,
 And colours that I had never seen
 Had been blended in every hue;
 And the gurgling brooks as they laughed and sang,
 Made my heart feel happy and gay,
 And the little birds helped the brooks to sing
 Their songs of the coming of May;
 And the busy bees with their humming song
 Told of this glorious day.

JOYCE BIRKS, VI.B.



MEINE HOLLAENDISCHE REISE

Holland hat einen grossen Eindruck auf mich gemacht, obgleich ich mich nur ein paar Tage da aufhielt.

Wir hatten einige Freunde in Amsterdam, und deshalb verbrachten wir den grossten Teil unseres Aufenthaltes in dieser Stadt. Jeden Tag haben wir uns Merkwuerdigkeiten angeschaut, wovon manche uns sehr begeistert haben. Sehr bemerkungswert waren die Tulpenfelder in der Umgebung des Hages. Sie waren in voller Bluete, und die herrlichen Farben blendeten mir die Augen. Den Inseln Marbeln und Volendam, welche sich beide im Meer befinden, haben wir auch einen Besuch abgestattet. Die Einwohner empfinden uns in ihren festlichen Kostuemen, welche sie fuer diese Veranlassung sicher aus der Tiefe der Trube herausnehmen mussten.

Einige Tage spaeter mieteten wir ein Boot und fuhren durch saemmtliche Kanaele in Amsterdam. Das Rembrandt Museum enthielt die praechtigsten Bilder, wovon viele heute beruehmt sind. Nach vielen Traenen und langen Aufwiedersehen endete mein kurzer Aufenthalt in Holland.

H. ESTIN, VIb.

LA GUERRE

Cette guerre n'est pas une guerre comme d'habitude. Depuis longtemps on s'attend à ce qu'il y ait une grande attaque à la ligne Seigfried—mais nous avons attendu tout l'hiver et il n'y a pas eu de grande attaque. Après six mois nous apprenons que Hitler a marché sur le Danemark et maintenant ce pays est entre les mains d'Hitler. Après quelques heures Hitler a pris Oslo, capitale de la Norvège. Avant ceci on ne s'était pas encore beaucoup battu. Tout à coup les choses commencent à arriver: les bateaux anglais coulent la moitié des bateaux allemands; les Anglais mettent des mines près de SkagerRak et dans la Baltique. Les Allemands envoient des jeunes gens en Yougoslavie pour y faire de la propagande. Personne ne peut dire que les Anglais et les Français, avec Messieurs Chamberlain et Reynaud, ne se sont battus avec grand courage. Personne ne peut dire non plus ce qui arrivera, mais nous avons l'espérance et beaucoup de soldats se battent pour nous. Quoiqu'il arrive gardons le courage dans nos coeurs. Nous gagnerons si nous nous battons jusqu'au dernier homme.

EILEEN BIRKS, VIb.

THE OPERATION

Two girls once roomed together,
At good old K.H.C.,
A tall one and a thin one,
Who both good and bad could be.

These girls were very noisy,
And used to yell and shout,
Which did annoy the mistresses,
About that there was no doubt.

And then the thin one did it too,
Like many of the rest,
She decided to lose his appendix
Because it was a pest.

After the holidays, her room-mate tall,
Returned to school alone,
She mourned her thin companion,
Who then reclined at home.

But soon the wounded one returned,
With chicken, pies and cake,
At her appendix in a bottle,
Few dared a look to take.

And so another appendix is gone,
It's better to be out,
But once it's gone, there's one thing sure,
It's something to talk about.

HELEN HOOPER
ANNA MARTIN

ARTS AND MOVIES

Joan Beckett . . .	<i>The Awful Truth</i>
Alice Cameron . .	<i>The Thin Man</i>
Edythe Fallon . .	<i>Gone with the Wind</i>
Mimi Garneau . .	<i>Swanee River</i>
Sheila Hanson . .	<i>Follow the Fleet</i>
Sheila Little . . .	<i>Spring Madness</i>
Felicity Peacock .	<i>Mad About Music</i>
Sydney Perkins . .	<i>Glamorous Night</i>
Diana Schwartz . .	<i>Tarzan</i>
Audrey Scott . . .	<i>Night Must Fall</i>
Betty Shuter . . .	<i>First Love</i>
Diana Steven . . .	<i>Another Thin Man</i>
Dorothy Visser . .	<i>Holiday</i>
Laurene Watson . .	<i>Everything Happens at Night</i>
Form	<i>Muliny on the Bounty</i>

JOAN BECKETT, *Arts*.

There was a young man from Benares,
Who was frightened to death of big bears,
One chased him all day,
And now, sad to say,
He is torn all to bits—but who cares?

SHEILA HANSON, *Arts*.

RISING AT K.H.C.

All is quiet—and as the sun slowly rises over the horizon foot steps may be heard—not loudly, mind you—just the tread, tread, tread, of a pair of shoes, and maybe a “tick”, but it is very faint and then, with a mighty crash, it breaks! Clang! clang! clang!—the deafening noise awakes the silence of early morning—on it goes, louder and louder as it passes your room and quickly fades away in the corridor beyond. All is quiet except for an occasional exclamation.

“Oh dear, was that the bell—no, of course not the sun’s hardly up!” but the peaceful illusion passes, for from the corridor below comes clang! clang! clang!—then the silence is shattered by voices from every room.

“Where is my face cloth?”

“May I borrow your tooth paste—I ran out last night” (probably a month ago—but we all share and share alike) “thanks heaps”.

And then some person who has a heart for others may say:

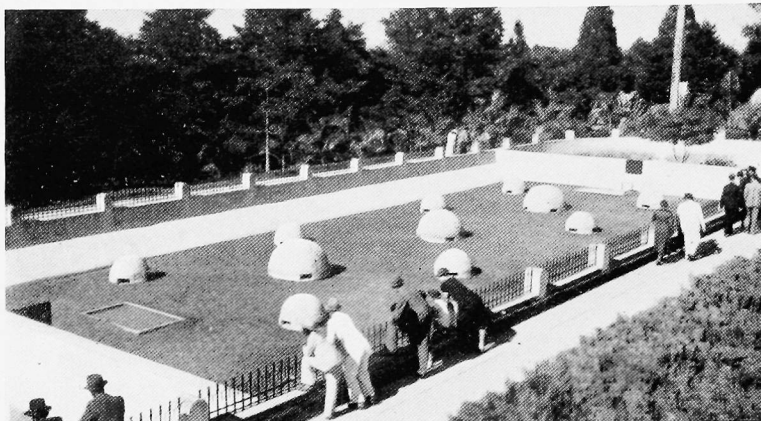
“Sh-h-h, the mistresses are still trying to sleep”.

And everything drops to a lull but not for long. And then like a bolt out of the blue another bell, and on go stockings and shoes, shirts and tunics and with a mad rush girls fly down stairs to “setting-up”—and thus the day begins at K.H.C.

PRISCILLA ANNE JACKES, *VIB*.

Violets in the mist,
Purple jewelled,
Crystalled white,
Set in green,
Delicate and cool,
Violets in the mist
Bejewelled.

EDITH FALLON, *Arts*.



SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKE FARM

SAO PAULO

São Paulo, Brazil, is the capital of the State of São Paulo. It is situated about 210 miles southwest of Rio de Janeiro. The city has long streets traversed by street railway, and lined with shops. Many of the streets are lined with jacaranda trees which have a lilac-blue blossom.

São Paulo is the leading manufacturing city of Brazil and from it the world's supply of coffee is exported.

There are many places which the tourists are mostly interested in seeing. One of these is the Snake farm at Butantan. Some days when you visit here you are lucky and can watch the attendants catch a snake by the neck, open its mouth, place the edge of a glass dish in beyond the fangs and squeeze the glands so that the poison comes out.

Another and beautiful sight is the orchid farm in the suburbs of São Paulo. There are many types of orchids and some very rare ones of all shapes and sizes.

The Martinelli Building is the tallest in São Paulo; it is a 26-story building, which has a night club on the top floor. Another important building is the Ypiranga Museum, in which are most of the pioneer means of navigation.

This city differs from cities in Canada because most of the buildings are white-washed, giving the city a clean and modern appearance. São Paulo with its beautiful scenery, is remembered long after land has faded from view.

AUDREY STOKES, VIB.

STYLES — K.H.C. — 1940

Months went by, days just flew,
All leaving behind something new—
First of all cardigans were the fad,
Hiding those hips that made you so mad—
Then we had the long hair-do,
Which probably never did suit you—
Next our hero was Glen Miller,
His "In the Mood" was a "killer-diller"—
Then came Rhett's Scarlett, Vivien Leigh,
Adapted from her the snood made its way—
Finally with "wedgies" to dress our feet,
With military style to make it complete.
We descend the steps with airy step,
Winging eventually our way to "prep."
Just one thing—before the bell!
Something I shan't be thanked to tell:
But, in fairness to them, I really must say
That saddle shoes are still "tops" to-day!

VIRGINIA STANNARD, VIB.

—o—

I sat and I sat in my chair,
And finally gave up in despair,
Not a word I could write
Ever seemed to sound right—
And now I just frankly don't care!

BETTY SHUTER, Arts.

—o—

There was a young man from Malone,
Who thought he was happy alone,
But a blonde he did sight
And followed her flight,
Now there's ten in the home of Malone!

JANE HOLT.

HAIR-WASHING DAY



¹Hair-washing day² has always played a great part in the weekly routine of K.H.C. Anybody visiting the school on that day, would, on first impression, think that they had entered a beauty parlor.³ One girl chases past the visitor her head buried in curlers,⁴ another with a scarf skilfully wrapped around her head, which clashes vilely with the rest of her attire.⁵ And, finally, there comes the third with bobby pins all over, leaving a little souvenir of them behind for you to gaze at.⁶ Of course, there are still other methods of putting up one's hair, but, truthfully, I cannot say that they look any better.⁷

Drying is the hardest ordeal included in this process. After having wasted all your energy in touching the different curls every half hour, two minutes, or whatever the time-limit may be, you finally, before getting dressed for supper, discover that the ends are still drenched. Then off to the "drying-room", from which you emerge as red as a lobster.

Half a minute before the bell goes, you uncurl your hair, with trembling fingers—and, oh! what horror! It is perfectly straight!!!⁸

HELEN ESTIN.



Juniors

SNOW

The snow comes down like feathers,
And covers the earth with white,
In cold and wintry weather,
It gives such lovely light.

The hills are bright and glowing,
The valley a radiant sight,
The river no more flowing,
All the world is dressed in white.

THE JUNIORS.

MON CHIEN

J'ai un petit chien
Que j'aime bien.
Il a les yeux bleus,
Et une petite queue.
Mes amies l'appellent Black,
Moi, je l'appelle Mac.
Quand il a faim
Il me lèche la main.
Quand il voit une souris,
Et que je crie, "Viens ici"
Il se cache sous le lit.

IVA and IVB.

THE TRIP TO SCHOOL

Ting-a-ling ! half-past seven o'clock. I jumped up out of bed and dashed into the bathroom to get dressed. As soon as I was dressed I went down to breakfast and had a grapefruit and some toast. Then Mother phoned for a taxi.

When we got to the station I saw the train and then I met Miss McKim and Miss Jones, who put me on the train after I had said goodbye to Mother. After the train had started Miss Jones took me back a car and after that I sat with Sheila, Doris, Jean and Anne. When we got to Sherbrooke, Margaret Anne and Judy got on.

When at last we got to Compton station everybody rushed to the door and got off. A lot of us piled into a big truck with seats on either side, and went bumping and jogging over the road. When we came up the hill that leads to King's Hall, I saw the School ! I had not imagined that it would look as it did look.

Then I went inside with all the other girls and met Miss Gillard. Sheila took me up to our room.

After dinner everyone went upstairs and waited for her trunks and when at last they did come we unpacked.

SHIRLEY HARRISON, IVB.

THE SNOW

The snow falls softly
White and clear,
Upon the trees
Each frosty year.

The snow falls softly
On the ground,
It covers the whole
Wide earth around.

The sleigh bells jingle
With their cheer,
To all the world
Through the winter drear.

MARIE NORMAN, VA.

THE RIVER

This little brook starts half way up the mountain side. Its waters are cool and clear. It is a "laughing shallow" and is a lovely place for children to play. It is not very deep. It winds down the mountain and crosses the valley. Other little streams join it and make it bigger.

When it goes through the town, there is a change. It is all muddy and there is smoke hovering over it. Here sewers run into it and slimy wharves border it. It is not fit for swimming.

Soon it winds away to the sea. It gets cleaner as fresh streams flow into it, and still it hurries on, "To the golden sands and the leaping bar, and a taintless tide that awaits 'it' afar." And at last it loses itself in the ocean.

JUDY BAKER.

IN DISGRACE

How Rags hated soap and water ! You could tell by the way he acted after having a bath. He was so bad that he would cough and splutter, and jump all over you.

One day after having a bath, Jane, his little mistress, let him out. As he went along toward the clay-pit he met his friend, Ben, who was sauntering along.

"Hello, Ben, nice day, isn't it ? But I don't like the taste of soap that gets left in your mouth after a bath, do you ?"

"Poor you, did you have a bath just now ?" said Ben.

"Yes, I have, and I feel awful. Oh ! let's go and play in the clay-pit."

"Rags ! what are you doing with all that mud and clay on you ? And I have just washed you. Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Well for a punishment you can just stay tied up by the table."

"Oh dear ! I wish that I had stayed out of that clay-pit ! Yes, I wish I had !"

SHIRLEY HARRISON, IVB.

HOLIDAYS

1. Hol-i- days are pleas- ant things, Sum- mer is the --- best ;
 2. All the rest of --- course you know --- Are my friends in -- school ,
 3. Now lets get back to -- hol- i- days -- And all its fun and -- joy ,

They are ev- en --- fit for kings and - queens and all the --- rest
 A- lice, John, Mar- ie, and Joe and teachers who are -- cruel
 Now what was I --- a- bout to say --- Oh! yes it was --- Good- bye.

JEAN DODDS, IVA.

THE COMING OF SPRING

Everybody knew Spring was on its way. You could feel it in the air; and even the little seeds in the ground were doing their best to push through, even if the snow was still there.

The birds knew it too, and came out of their nests to fly around and sing of all spring's beauties.

There were buds on the trees which wanted to see it all too, and spring was so beautiful to them that they became bright green leaves so they could shade the flowers and help make everything more lovely.

The little brooks and streams were happy to be free from ice, and ran merrily along singing a new spring tune, accompanied by the birds and the rustling of the trees and flowers. Everything was peaceful, but bright and happy to be alive again.

SHEILA ELDER, IVA.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MOUSE

Once upon a time there
 was a little mouse,
 And he lived in the wood
 in a very tiny house,
 And he was afraid of the
 great big cat,
 Because this little mouse
 was very, very fat.

He used to be afraid and
 would tremble very much,
 And once he broke his leg and
 had to use a crutch.

Once he got lost and could
 not hear a sound,
 But in an hour or two or
 three he was found.

The end.

ANNE DIANA DUNN.

SNOWDROPS

The snowdrops are pushing up their little heads,
 Pushing and pushing right out of their beds,
 The birds are all singing their cheerfulest song,
 The bright sun is shining all the day long,
 Because the spring has come at last.

SHIRLEY HARRISON, IVB.

—o—

WORDS ON STRIKE

One dark and rainy night
 As I in bed reclined;
 I tried to make up a poem
 But not a line could I find.

I thought, and thought, and thought,
 But not a single thing came;
 So I gave up my bright idea,
 And dozed in my counterpane.

That night I had a dream,
 The dream was very strange,
 With lots of verses marching past
 And words that often changed.

They chased me round and round,
 Until I thought I would drop;
 I finally got them to listen,
 And I politely begged them to stop.

And this was the end of my dream
 Which was much to my relief;
 For I couldn't have stood it much longer
 At least that is my belief.

BEATRICE ANGUS, VA.

—o—

SNOWFLAKES

The falling snowflakes in their fluffy white
 dresses remind me of fairies. They seem to
 spring from a cloud or a star, to run and dance
 and play on earth in the sunlight. They are free
 and happy, with not a care in the world. They
 fall on the housetops, they fall on the grass,
 they fall on the street. But whenever they
 fall, they only lie and glisten, and when spring
 comes again they disappear back to Fairyland.

SHEILA ELDER, IVA.

AUTUMN

The days are lovely at King's Hall,
 When all the leaves begin to fall,
 The colours like the rainbow seem
 And all the earth is dressed in green.

All the leaves are on the ground,
 The wind has scattered them around,
 Jimmy and John, they make them burn
 Down the road just by the turn.

MARGARET ANNE FORBES, IVA.

—o—

A LOVELY VIEW

My father, my brother and I thought we
 would climb up Mount Forbes.

It was a nice summer morning and we had
 brought our dinner with us. It was lovely go-
 ing up through the woods. At last we got to the
 top. As we looked down into the valley we could
 see our little cottage and the river running under
 the great big bridge on which there was an
 automobile. When we looked to the left of the
 valley we could see sheep grazing on the hills.
 We could see white caps of snow on the peaks
 of the mountains.

I should like to climb it again sometime for
 it was a very lovely sight.

MARGARET ANNE FORBES, IVA.

—o—

LOOKING FOR FAIRIES

If you look very hard
 On a warm summer's day,
 You might find the place
 Where the fairies play.

Where they dance about together
 On a midsummer's night,
 With their dresses so pale
 And their dresses so bright.

But you must go there
 At the right time of day,
 Because if they see you,
 They'll all run away!

SHEILA ELDER.



Pièce en un acte

(Un petit village des Vosges en France. Quand le rideau se lève, la scène représente la salle d'une petit auberge en 1793. Une table et des bancs. Devant la table assis sur un tabouret, un vieux soldat chantonne la Marseillaise. A côté de lui, un verre de vin et sa pipe. Entrent Charles et Lise, deux petits enfants.)

Lise:—C'était beau, n'est-ce pas ?

Charles:—Oh oui, Lise. C'est une belle chanson. J'aimerais la connaître. Ecoute—quelqu'un la chantonne en ce moment. Ce doit être le vieux soldat dans le coin.

Lise:—Si on allait lui demander ce que c'est ?
(Les enfants vont au soldat).

Le vieux soldat:—Bonjour, mes enfants.

Charles:—Oh, Monsieur. Voulez-vous nous dire ce que c'est que cette chanson, s'il vous plaît ? Nous avons entendu les soldats qui la chantaient tout à l'heure. Elle est si gaie, et elle donne tant de courage.

Le V. Soldat:—Mais, c'est la Marseillaise.

Les enfants:—La Marseillaise ?

Le V. Soldat:—Ne connaissez-vous pas la Marseillaise et son histoire ?

(Les enfants font non de la tête).

Voulez-vous que je vous la dise ?

Les enfants:—Oui, oui, Monsieur.

(Ils asseyent aux pieds du soldat).

Le V. soldat:—L'année passée quand j'étais chez mon ami Dietrich, le maire de Strasbourg, et que l'ennemi était tout autour de la ville, nous

étions très tristes parce que la ville était affamée. Avec nous était Rouget de l'Isle, un jeune poète très patriote. Tout à coup Dietrich a dit à Rouget de l'Isle: "Il faut que tu écrives un hymne

pour nos soldats, pour leur redonner du courage et la volonté de gagner la bataille. Je vais aller chercher ma dernière bouteille de vin pour qu'elle inspire Rouget." Alors Dietrich est descendu à la cave et il a remonté une bouteille de vin rouge. Nous l'avons bue et quelques heures après nous sommes partis chez nous. Le lendemain j'étais dans le jardin quand la fille du maire est venue me chercher. "Venez vite, mon père vous attend." Quand je suis arrivé tout le monde était autour de Rouget. Il chantait. C'était si beau, que tous nous pleurions. Après, Rouget nous a dit qu'il avait composé son chant la veille, inspiré par les paroles du maire; mais qu'il s'était endormi et que, quand il s'était réveillé, il avait écrit tout ce qu'il pouvait se rappeler. Bientôt tous les soldats de Marseille qui marchaient vers le Nord pour défendre les frontières françaises chantaient ce bel hymne, et c'est pourquoi tout le monde a commencé à appeler l'oeuvre de Rouget LA MARSEILLAISE. Et maintenant répétez après moi ces paroles magnifiques.

Allons enfants de la Patrie

Le jour de gloire est arrivé

(Le rideau tombe lentement.)

Old Girls

Alumnae

BIRTHS:

- To Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sharp (Bernice Beaumont), a son, June 1st, 1938.
To Mr. and Mrs. C. V. N. Vickers (Mary Grant), a daughter, December 14th, 1939.
To Mr. and Mrs. A. J. D. Wright (Hope Cushing), a daughter, March 17th.
To Mr. and Mrs. H. Koessler (Sheila Brierley), a son, March 20th.
To Mr. and Mrs. W. Laidley (Margaret Monserrat), a son, May 14th.
To Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor (Mary Baillie), a daughter, (Sonia), September, 1939.

ENGAGEMENTS:—

- Phyllis Mussel to Fred Raphael of Westmount.
Ruth Hughson, Ottawa, to Gerald Strickland, Toronto, wedding to take place June 15th.
Audrey Ritchie, Three Rivers, to Desmond Malone, Three Rivers.
Louise Ethel Courtney, of Ottawa, to Paul Arnold Dillingham, of Ogdensburg, N.Y. Wedding to take place June 29th.
Therese Desbaillets to Dr. Jacques Badeaux, Montreal.

MARRIAGES:—

- Willa Magee to Capt. David Walker, Black Watch, July 27th, 1939—residing in Perth, Scotland.
Adelaide Pearson, to A. A. St. Dizier, October 9th, 1939, residing in Danville, Que.
Betty Cumming to Arthur Stewart Price, Quebec, October 21st, 1939.
Sonia Baillie to Ross Newman, December 18th, 1939.
Enid McBride to Arthur Yuile, April 6th, 1940.
Jean Muir to Russell Grant, Westmount, April 10th, 1940.
June White to Richard White, April 13th, 1940.
Ida Cressey to John Kenny, April, 1940.
Janet Harrington to Fred Cowie, January 10th, 1940.
Jean MacDonald, formerly of Granby, to Keith Marshall, Montreal.
Nora Magee to William Breese, October 19th, 1939, residing in Washington.
Esther Laing to Thomas Carlisle.
Adrian Baptist to Tom MacDougall, Three Rivers.
Margaret Stewart to Ralph Fanjul, Havana, Cuba.

NEWS

Elizabeth Newcombe, of Ottawa, Ont., is attending Havergal College, Toronto, taking a course in domestic science.

Nancy Gilmour and Cynthia Cochrane are at MacDonald College, taking the home-makers Course.

Joy Thomson wrote a play, produced in Montreal, and raised five hundred dollars by this means for the Red Cross.

Rena Luton has taken up residence with her parents in England.

Jane Luton is studying art in California.

Catharine and Sally Mackeen are in New York, studying music and dramatics respectively.

A collection of water colour drawings by Frances Porteous was shown at Frank Steven's gallery last month. This embraced views of big city buildings, landscapes and flower pictures—all of which were most interesting in pattern and colour.

Attending McGill University this year are the following:—

Audrey Kerrigan, Roma Dodds, Joan How, Marjorie Lewis, Patsy Hanson, Sheila Birks, Elspeth Russell, Ruth Harris, Bebe Fraser, Marie-Claire Rea, Elizabeth Strong. Marie-Claire Rea is shortly entering the Montreal General Hospital Nurses' Training School.

Gillian Hessey-White is an active member of the M.R.T. Margaret Davis, of Ventnor, N.J., is attending the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Education in Toronto.

QUEBEC

BIRTHS:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lafferty (Marjorie Barron), a daughter, October 29th, 1939.

NEWS:—

Mrs. Stewart Warrington (Mary Scott), Elizabeth Gibson and Millie Price, are taking the Canadian Ambulance Drivers' course.

Mrs. F. T. Cole (Kathleen Stain) spent the last summer in England.

TORONTO

BIRTHS:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Martin (Alida Starr) a daughter, June 15th, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. Rankin Nesbitt (Mary Anderson), a daughter, October 31st, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackman (Mary Rowell), a son, February 20th, 1940.

MARRIAGES:—

Beth Lind to Capt. Cameron Ware, P.P.C.L.I., September, 1939, at present living in England.

A wedding of interest to Compton Old Girls is that of Isabel (Buddy) Stewart to Mr. Peter Storms, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Storms (Phyllis Henderson), on February 17th, 1940. The bride attended St. Clement's and was a senior counsellor at Miss Edgar's camp. The groom is an officer of the R.C.A. Both were at one time taught by Miss Gillard.

Margaret Hargraft Parmenter to Hamilton Visant de Bury, Montreal, May 11th, 1940, residing in Richelieu, Que.

ADDRESSES UNKNOWN:—

If anyone knows the correct addresses of the names given below, would she please send them in to the Central Branch.

Mrs. James Hick, 139 Fourth Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
Mrs. Selwyn Wilson, 118 Lisgar Street, Ottawa, Ont.
Miss Kitty Campbell,
Miss Betty Gould,
Miss Helen Brunning,

Twelve Days in a Twelve Foot Open Boat

VANCOUVER, B.C.,
April 9th, 1940.

I have just had the most marvellous trip and I wish I could really describe it for you. It is all so lovely here—the combination of the sea and snow-capped mountains—that I couldn't possibly give you any adequate description of it. However, I will try to tell you a little about our holiday.

I have a little twelve foot open row boat with a small 1½ H.P. inboard motor, a fine reliable little engine, not a bit temperamental like the old outboards. With one crank it is off, and can be relied upon not to stop of its own accord, except of course, in quite a rough sea when we might ship a couple of good breakers which douse the works, wet the spark plug and stop the engine.

On March 21st another girl and I started off for the Easter week-end. We carried along plenty of sweaters, a chart, compass, flash light, canvasses, three thermos bottles, hunting knife and fishing tackle. We did not prepare to camp out at night at this time of year. The first day was beautifully calm and we had a delightful journey up the coast to Gibson's Landing, where we stayed the night, preparatory to crossing the Gulf in the morning. We got a good early start the next morning for the biggest hop of the trip, across the Gulf of Georgia to one of the Gulf Islands, a stretch at this point of about twenty-two miles of open water.

The day was mild with a nice following wind, but misty and cloudy. We could see no sign of land ahead, so steered by a back mark for about an hour. Soon the clouds came down and this had disappeared, so we got out the compass and were so bucked with ourselves to find, after crossing the Gulf, that we had come out dead on our mark, at Entrance Light at the north end of Gabriola Island.

I do wish I could show you our chart, on which we have plotted our trip, as without it, it is hard to appreciate the ground we have covered and what we have seen.

We spent the night at a lovely spot called Yellowpoint on Vancouver Island (so named by the Admiralty many, many years ago because of the profusion of yellow wild flowers). We had enjoyed our crossing so much that we could not bear to turn back home again, so we decided to keep on going. We found a group of little summer auto camps here and asked if we could rent one for the night. The couple in charge of them would not hear of it and insisted that we come right into their nice warm house. They even gave up their own room and treated us, not as perfect strangers, but as they would have treated dear friends, and we were nonplussed when they would not take a cent for room or meals.

The next morning we were fog-bound, so could not even think of being on our way, but we did skirt closely round the shore and did a little fishing. Result—one Lin cod, those pretty yellowish-green stream-lined fish, delicious to eat, but no fun to catch—come up like a piece of drift-wood and when they bite you think your line is stuck on a log.

Late in the afternoon we sailed blissfully along the west coast of Valdes Island, not paying very much attention to anything, just basking in the sun and purring inside with the joy of it all and beginning to wonder where on earth we would spend the night. We rounded the point of Valdes Island and headed for lovely Galiano Island, when all of a sudden, we found ourselves spinning around in a boiling Pass (Porlier Pass), with the tide ripping out at a furious rate. But we got out of it quite easily. It gave us a thrill and we loved it.

We started to look for a sign of a house and a wharf to tie up to. Before long, perched high up on a rocky cliff, we saw a dear little white house which seemed to be all windows, glittering in the sun. There was an old wooden ladder down the rocks to the water, so we tied up there,

climbing the slimy wooden rungs and crept along a few narrow slippery wooden planks, with no railing of any kind, to the house.

There we found a spick and span Danish family and when we asked if they had room for two dirty looking tramps for the night, we were warmly welcomed.

"Yah! Yah! Coom in".

Could we possibly take a crate of eggs around to Porlier Pass to be delivered to a fish boat which would take them to Vancouver? they asked.

Well, we just looked at each other and thought of the Pass where, not long ago, the tide was a raging fury, and said "Yah! Yah!"

How the little fat old man ever got along the walk and down that ladder with the crate of eggs I do not know. To balance crate on shoulders, hang on to ladder and keep footing, all at the same time—it seemed a miracle to us. But he deposited the crate safely in our boat, gave us directions in very broken English, which we miraculously seemed to understand, and climbed back up the rocks again.

Away we went to find the fish boat which would take the eggs to the city to be exchanged for groceries. Fortunately for us, by the time we reached the Pass again, the tide rip had quietened and we hit it at nearly slack water without further adventure. Our host and hostess were a most charming couple. The place was spotless and behind the house growing amid all the rocks, were hundreds of beautiful daffodils and hyacinths. They apologized for the supper and said that all they had was "canned cow". I thought they meant tinned milk, but no, they meant canned cow. They had killed a cow in the fall and canned it, and it lasts pretty well until the next Fall killing. It was cut in quite thick hunks and fried, and fried, and fried; but we ate it and were well nourished.

The fifth day was so beautiful that I shall never, never forget it. The islands were a mass of wild flowers. Montague Harbour on Galiano Island was so lovely that it made me feel deeply religious. Beautiful bays, the deep green of the evergreen trees, the fresh pale green of new leaves, white sandy beaches, and no sign of human habitation anywhere. I have been dreaming ever since of the wee cottage I may have there some day. Daffodils bloom everywhere on these islands as if they had been carefully cultivated and the islands are a profusion of colour—daffodils, lillies growing thickly, Oregon grape, sun blush, camus, mimosa and the delicate pink of the magnolia blossoms, the deep pink of the japonica, flowering currant, camelia trees, etc. The rocks are covered with rock plants, and the broom! One island was a mass of blue, from a very pale pinkish-blue to a deep purple blue, and with the arbutus trees, the blue sea breaking on the shore, the white of the sea gulls, I am lost trying to describe it. One just breathes quietly and feels so good inside. And to add to all this beauty, the weather was like summer, the sun shone brilliantly—it was too wonderful.

Half the fun of the trip was starting out in the morning, never knowing where we would be at the end of the day, or whether or not we would find a roof over our heads. We carted along a bag of kindling and a few sticks of wood so that we could easily get a fire started if we had to curl up on the rocks for the night.

We passed the point of Galiano Island and soon found a perfectly delightful little inn, where we stayed for the night. We had a bath! the first since leaving Vancouver and how we "went to town" with that hot water. Bathed, washed our hair and underwear and felt like a million! There was a tennis court there, so we had a few sets to limber up a bit as one gets quite stiff sitting all day in a boat, with no exercise except laughing and we seemed to laugh each day, all day long. We had a delicious dinner and comfy beds. There is a little six hole golf course and we wished we could have stayed longer. But, as we had

only intended to be out three days and were long over our time, our funds were dwindling, so we had to push on. It would be a perfectly ideal place to spend a long holiday.

The sixth day was dull and threatening, but not cold. We pored over our chart, which by this time was nearly in ribbons, and decided to try to circle Salt Spring Island, the largest of the Gulf Island group.

We ran up into Ganges Harbour to re-fuel—one gallon of gas. We run nearly all day long on one gallon, such a nice cheap little boat to run. The total cost of gas and oil for twelve full days' running was \$2.27.

In the afternoon it started to rain gently and we had to keep a look out for a landing spot and a hospitable house. The people living on these islands are so very kind one feels welcome everywhere.

Eventually we spotted a very tumble-down old wharf, so landed and walked through a leafy lane, at the end of which we saw a little house. Here we found two young men who were farming there, but they had no accommodation for us. They said that if we could take them around to Fulford Harbour to vote (it was voting day) they could show us a place where we *might* be able to stay all night. So they went into an old barn, tapped a barrel of cider with which to refresh us, and then the four of us started for Fulford Harbour and found a very nice home where we were welcomed with "come in, come in and get dry." A great fire was roaring in a wide open fireplace and, with all our things hung in front of it, we were soon dried out. Our host here was a retired Imperial Army officer who had served in all parts of the world and he had many interesting tales to tell. We also met a Captain whose father had been the Captain of Queen Victoria's private yacht. We had a struggle that evening. We were so very sleepy and yet we did want to sit up and hear the stories. We heard the stories.

The next day we had fun, running onto rocks and after that, through a bit of a storm. We were steaming along about a mile from shore when, all of a sudden, we ran whang on some hidden rocks. There was not the slightest sign on our chart to mark them. Off with our slacks and overboard in our shoes to push off. The tide was ebbing and we certainly did not want to be stuck high and dry on the rocks and barnacles until it changed again. We pushed and pushed. The water was like ice. Of course we got off all right. It is strange about salt water. One can be in it and nearly frozen stiff, but a few seconds after, even in sopping wet shoes, one is all warm again.

Then, about an hour after this, across the mountains of Vancouver Island, we could see something coming which looked like a heavy rain storm. It was interesting to watch it, as we could see it so distinctly coming nearer and nearer. We had plenty of time to get out the old sou'westers and our heavy coats and to spread the canvasses over our fright and ourselves. Soon it hit us full blast—a great hail storm. The boat was half full of hail and it stung our faces and beat on our backs, but it was great and we loved it. It lashed about for only a few minutes and we watched it pass as we had watched it come. The sun came out and all was serene once more.

We then ran over to Maple Bay on Vancouver Island and back along the west coast of Kuper and Thetis Islands. We found a very lovely home on Thetis where we spent the night. The next morning we went over to Kulleet Bay where there is an Indian Reservation and a famous Indian war canoe which we wanted to see. The chief's son showed us the canoe, which he had made with the help of a few other Indians of the tribe. It certainly was a beauty. Fifty feet long and made from one solid white pine log. It is, of course, gaily painted with symbols of the tribe and each paddle is hand carved and brightly painted. It holds sixteen paddlers and these young Indians are extremely proud of their canoe and their prowess, as well they might be. They win every race they enter and are the undisputed champions of the coast. During the visit of the King and Queen they paddled the canoe all the way to Vancouver to join in the escort of

watercraft which preceded the Royal boat out of the harbour on its way to Victoria.

We decided to continue on our way up through Dodds Narrows, a very narrow and dangerous Pass, through which the tide runs at twelve knots. Could we make it? We neared there about 11.00 o'clock in the morning. According to our tide book, slack water was not until 3.00 in the afternoon, but it showed that the morning tide was a half tide. We didn't want just to loaf around for four hours, so at full speed we neared the Pass (our top speed being only about six knots). The tide was against us. It looked all right and we kept on going, knowing that we could always turn back if we didn't like it. Luck was certainly with us and we crept through inch by inch. As we had saved those four hours, we decided to go into Nanaimo and, if the bank man there would trust us, cash a cheque and stay out a few days' longer and go on up North.

Nanaimo is a busy little place and reminds me of Quebec. It is the only city I have seen in the West with narrow winding streets. After hearing our story the manager of the bank cashed a cheque without question. We had now run completely off our chart, covered it from top to bottom, so we bought another to show the waters north of Nanaimo. We then went into the Government Fisheries Patrol office to see what we could learn of any tricky waters further north. They said they had a government boat crossing the gulf in about an hour and would be glad to take our boat aboard and give us a lift across. As we wanted to do the whole thing under our own steam, we refused their kind offer.

We had a lovely afternoon travelling along the coast of Vancouver Island to Nanoose Bay. Towards evening we saw a group of attractive little camps on the shore. We nosed into shore and hopped out. We must have looked dreadful. I had just about sat through my slacks and our faces were the colour of mahogany.

We spent a very comfortable night there and just before leaving in the morning our hosts asked us if we wouldn't like to pick a few oysters to take with us. How I like oysters! So we rolled up our sleeves and just so simply picked a few. They are quite a different shape to our Eastern oysters and I was disappointed when at lunch time I decided to have some, I couldn't open one.

We soon ran into Buccaneer Bay on Thormanby Island and decided to try our luck in these good salmon fishing waters. Here we hooked a really big one, but, of course like all those *big* ones we did not land it. We got it right up to the boat when, with a few extra leaps and somersaults, it was off and away.

We then crossed over to the main land and spent the night at Half Moon Bay. The next morning was one of brilliant sunshine and, as we were packing the boat to leave, three men came down and wouldn't let us go.

"Bad Southeaster blowing outside—wind freshening—Radio announces hurricanes, etc., etc." Then a tug boat, which had started out earlier, came back in again and we asked the Captain what he thought of it and he shook his head. We weren't satisfied ourselves, for it looked so lovely in the Bay, so after stalling around for about two hours we decided to take a run out to Merry Island Light to have a look for ourselves. It looked perfectly all right to us and we decided to go. So we scooted back for our things and without wasting any time we were off.

"You'll be back within an hour", they said. But it was perfectly lovely, one of our finest runs. With the sun shining brightly, a fresh wind blowing and the salt spray in our faces, we just loved it and in five hours we were at our last stopping place before heading homeward in the morning.

Our last day could not have been more perfect. We were up early to make the most of it and took a long round-about route up beautiful Howe Sound.

We roamed around until about three in the afternoon and started on the last short lap home and it was here,

within a few hours of home, that we hit our worst weather, but we were glad to have a taste of the rough along with the smooth. As we came out of Howe Sound and around the light at Point Atkinson, we ran into some really dirty weather, even though the sun was shining. The boat is so small that it usually just soars gracefully over the tops of the waves like a sea gull, but this time she didn't soar so gracefully. We could see the big ones rolling in, looking mountainous. Bang, slap!—and one broke all over us. Then another crashed in and with a great sizzle of steam as the water poured in over the hot engine, it stopped. But by hanging on with both hands and balancing gingerly I could climb over the seat to the crank, wipe off the spark plug with a rag I had been guarding so carefully, tucked down inside my front to keep dry for just such a happening, and start the engine again. We bobbed about in

great style and got drenched to the skin. However, we knew we were perfectly safe, close to the shore and that the guards at the big light were watching and, at the same time, probably swearing at us. In about a half an hour we were around the point and into smooth water again, so we ran into shelter and had a complete change of sweaters, which had luckily kept quite dry tucked up in several layers of waterproof canvas in the bow of the boat. With the sea behind us, we swished along the rest of the way at a great speed.

Our trip was over and we were sad, but we shall never forget it—for, the fun and the laughter—the thrills, the beauty of it all and the kindness which we encountered everywhere, will always be with us.

ETHEL HACKET CLARKSON (1913-15)

KING'S HALL, COMPTON, OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION
Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the Year Ended May 10th, 1940

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Cash in Bank May 10th, 1939.....	\$ 513.90	Stationery, Stamps, Typing and Stencils.....	\$ 46.99
Annual Membership Fees and Receipts from		Two Teas—Themis Club.....	95.68
Teas.....	321.62	Flowers.....	4.34
Branch Magazine Dues.....	9.75	Travelling Expenses.....	25.10
Interest on Bonds.....	182.75	Laura Joll Library—Construction Expenses..	400.00
Bank Interest.....	1.68	Magazines.....	132.50
			\$ 704.61
		Cash in Bank, May 10th, 1940.....	325.09
			\$ 1,029.70
	\$1,029.70		

Montreal, May 15th, 1940.
Verified:

CAMPBELL, GLENDINNING & CO. (signed)
Chartered Accountants.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT:- We wish to thank the Old Girls' Association for their contributions to the magazine and the Quebec branch for their financial aid.

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School Directory 1939 = 40

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The committee wishes to express its appreciation of the work of all those who secured advertisements, contributed pictures or helped in any other way.

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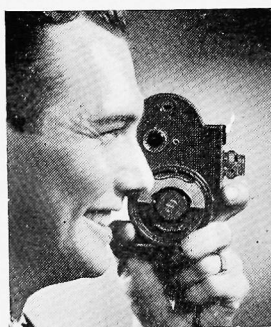
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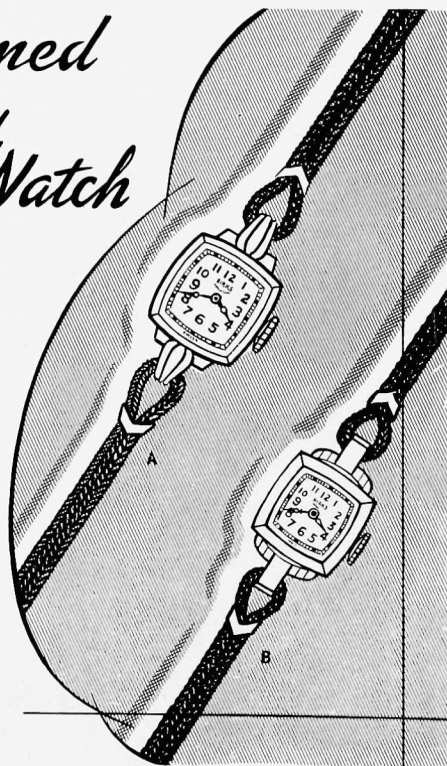
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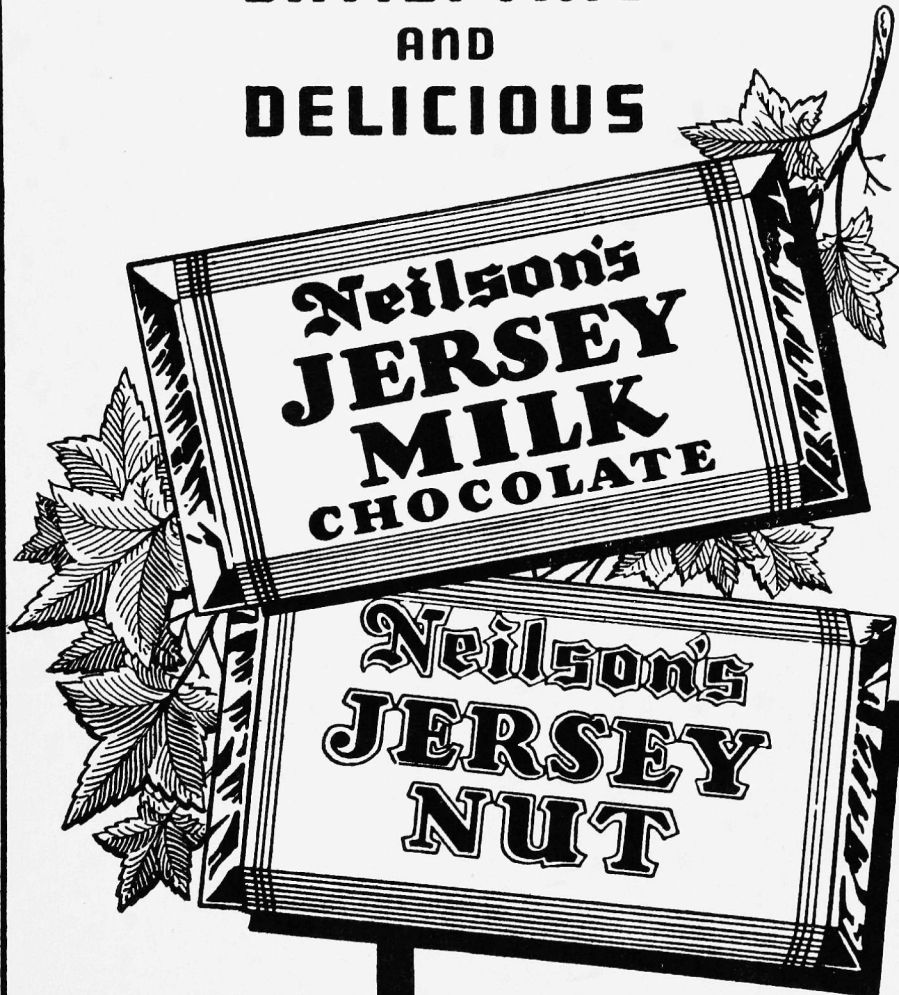
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